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THE MAN IN THE MOON.

BY EREN E. HENFORD.

"There's a poor, lone man in the moon above,"
A maiden sung, by her lattice bar,
As she dreamed her happy dream of love,
Under the moon and the vesper star.
"I pity him, for he lives alone."
Year in, year out, and my Jamie says,
That the saddest fate that was ever known
Is a lonely life through earth's long ways.
"Oh, man in the moon, when you see us stand
Here by the gate in the still, sweet night,
And Jamie whispers and holds my hand,
Perhaps you laugh, poor man, at the sight.
But I know you envy my lover then,
All alone in your world up there,
When you see the wooing of other men,
And never a maiden for you to care."
"Man in the moon, you laugh at me;
Little I care, for my Jamie's near.
Men that are under the moon for me;
Jamie is coming—is here, is here!
Oh, my Jamie, you tarried late,
I've been talking with some dear man.
Girls will flirt if their lovers wait.
Guess who the man was, if you can!"
"Man in the moon, you know full well,
But keep the secret and never tell.
But remember, Jamie, if you are late,
I shall flirt with this man while I have to wait!"

The Cretan Rover;

OR,

ZULEIKAH, THE BEAUTIFUL.

A Romance of the Crescent and the Cross.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

AUTHOR OF "WITHOUT A HEART," "THE FLYING YANKEE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE HAUNTED RUIN.

There is a land amid a sable flood,
Called Crete: fair, fruitful,
Circled by the sea.

GOVERNOR'S HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

SLOWLY the sun went down beyond the mossy summits of the White Mountains that tower heavenward from the bosom of the fair, fruitful, sea-encircled isle of Crete—a land still dotted with the monuments of those who lived centuries ago, and whose deeds come down to us in legend and history—whose massive hills have shaken beneath the march of Roman soldiery, whose temples have echoed to the silvery-tongued orators of classic Greece, and whose fair hills and valleys are now trodden in triumph, by the haughty Turk, who has uprooted the cross of the Christian, and crowned every battlement with the crescent of the infidel.

With rosy tint the setting sun fell upon a grand old ruin that stood upon a high hill overlooking the sea, and every crumbling column, every tottering arch stood out in bold relief against the golden sky, casting lengthened shadows far out over the sleeping waters of the Mediterranean, dotted by a single sail—a trim-looking craft—a league from the land, idly rocking upon the waves, and in the sunset light looking vividly like

"A painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

Standing in the shadow of the ruin, and gazing wistfully out upon the waters, was a man of majestic, yet strange appearance.

His hair and beard were worn long and were iron-gray—his features bold, haughty and tinged with sadness, while upon his face seemed to hover a look of constant suffering—whether mental or physical it was hard to tell.

He was attired in the national costume of Crete—jacket and leggings of blue velvet, embroidered with silk, and upon his head wore a red fez, while at his side hung a scimitar of rare finish.

For a long time he stood like a statue, his arms folded across his breast, his eyes fixed upon the distant sail, while the sun went down beyond the mountain range, and darkness crept slowly over land and sea.

Still he moved not, leaning against a broken column centuries old, his gaze still turned seaward, unmindful of the mournful sound of the sea fretting against the rocks, the wail of the rising wind, or the shriek of some night-bird from its covert in the inland forest of orange-trees beyond the hill.

Presently a reddish glare stole over the scene of wave, rocky shore and wild ruin, and far off over the sea appeared the moon, arising from its bed of waters, to keep vigil through the night, and flinging its silvery beams across the bosom of the Mediterranean, and penetrating the dark recesses of the massive, decaying temple.

Instantly the calm manner of the man changed—his eyes flashed fire, his features worked convulsively, while he stretched forth his trembling hand toward the moon as if in supplication.

Then his lips parted, and he said, in a tone of touching sadness:

"Yes, I am mad—mad to pray to the moon to bring her back to me; but why does the moon madden my brain like this—why does its silvery light set my brain on fire?"

"I love the moon, for it glids the earth and sea with beauty—no! I hate the moon, for it witnessed the dread scene enacted here, here beneath this crumbling ruin, long years ago—ay, it looked down upon that bitter struggle—it saw me fall before the attack of him who had wronged me—it lighted his path, and here, in their flight from me, and there was no pity in its gaze as it beheld me lying bleeding there."



But the Turk, a master of his weapon, steadily forced the Cretan back to the shelter of a marble arch.

"I have grown gray since then, and my face is tracked with age and suffering; but see, the moon is just the same as then—its smiling face is just as young, just as calm as then."
"Ah! curse the moon! it drives me mad—ay, does it not, each month, launch forth upon the blue of heaven as a crescent, and is not the crescent the symbol of the hated Turk?"

"Ah! curse the moon!—no, no, no, I must not curse what God hath made."

For a moment the form was bent, the eyes drooping downward, and the man seemed overwhelmed with woe; but suddenly he glanced up again, and his arms once more outstretched, while in ringing tones, that broke startlingly upon the deep silence, he called out:

"Ho! the moon! give me wings to fly over the earth, oh! thou glorious moon, that I may seek her—ay, and take her back to my heart—that I may find him, and stain my scimitar with his life's blood."

"Ha! ha! ha! you will not grant my prayers—no, you smile calmly down upon my despair—you rejoice in the sorrows of my slave, for I am thy slave—bound heart and brain in thy slavery fetters."

"They say she is still with him in a foreign land—they say she has forgotten her child, but they lie who tell me so—she will return, and the glorious moon will light her pathway over the sea—ha! see the moonlight falls upon yonder white sails, see! the vessel is coming in shore—ah! bright, glorious moon, you have guided her home—she comes! she comes!"

A glad light now swept over the sad, haggard face, and dropping upon his knees, his arms still pleadingly stretched before him, the man watched the coming vessel, which was standing rapidly shoreward.

"Whom seek you, old man?"

The voice, that suddenly broke the stillness, was cold and stern—the language that of the Turk.

It brought the madman quickly to his feet, and he beheld himself confronted by the form of one clad in the uniform of a Turkish officer.

With arms folded upon his broad breast, his tall form erect and motionless, his dark, handsome face, calm and stern, the Turk gazed upon the man before him; thus the two stood for a full moment, the eyes of the Cretan glittering with a deadly light, his form trembling, like a reed shaken by the wind.

At length the Cretan hissed forth between his shut teeth:

"By the God of the Christian, Al Sirat! have you dared intrude here?"

"The sultan rules the land of Crete—Cretans are his slaves; El Estin—and his officers are avenge at home here," haughtily replied the Turk.

"Curses on the sultan and his hirelings—ay, from my inmost heart I curse you, Al Sirat—you, who stole from me the jewel of my heart, the sunshine of my life."

"Yes, long years ago you did this foul wrong, and now you dare to come back to this very spot, where you left me struck down by your scimitar."

"But I'll forgive you, accursed infidel though you are, if you have brought her back to me—guilty though she be—speak! Al Sirat! do you come here to restore to me the one I love better than life—love, even though she turned from the cross to wear the crescent—speak! accursed Turk—I await your answer."

The milk-white teeth of the Turk glittered,

as his lips parted, and upon his mouth beamed a cruel smile.

After a while he said, in cold, cutting tones:

"The charms of the once fair Alfarida have faded sadly, in the years that have gone by, since that night when she fled from your arms to mine—she is no longer the star of my harem, and I would gladly have her return to you, for inquiry has made known to me that you still love her; yet I ask a price for her, El Estin."

"Name your price, Turk, and you shall have it."

"It is to exchange Alfarida for thy beautiful daughter Kaloolah—"

With the shriek of a madman El Estin threw himself upon the Turk, who, by an exhibition of wonderful strength, hurled him back, and then stood on the defensive, with scimitar drawn.

With his own weapon presented, El Estin pressed rapidly forward to the attack, and the two gleaming blades crossed with a ringing sound that sent many an echo through the ruin.

"Dog of a Turk! I will have your life," hissed the Cretan, and he attacked Al Sirat with wondrous strength and skill, for one whose gray hair and beard would denote a man in the decline of life.

Then the Turk's cruel tones were heard:

"Fifteen years ago, El Estin, I left you for dead in this very ruin—this night your doom is sealed."

"Ay, you left me for dead, and you took from me her whom I loved better than life—you brought sorrow, dishonor, and suffering upon me, and made me an old man before my time—and for it, Al Sirat, you shall die, if I have strength and skill left in my arm to kill you," and the Cretan pressed his enemy with increased vigor.

But the Turk was a master of his weapon, and for a while acted wholly on the defensive, yet it would seem not from any feelings of mercy; but, after a while his manner changed, and he went to work with deadly intention, and steadily forced the Cretan back to the shelter of a marble arch.

Here El Estin stood at bay, and fierce indeed waged the combat; but with untiring energy the Turk pressed on, until, by a skillful movement, he struck down the blade of his foe, and thrust his own keen scimitar at the life of the Cretan.

With a half-cry of mingled pain and despair, the Cretan tottered forward, his scimitar falling from his nerveless grasp, and ringing clear and loud upon the stone pavement.

Then with outstretched arms toward the moon, he cried in tones of anguish:

"At last, by his hands I have met my death—and then, oh! cruel, smiling moon, thou hast witnessed the wicked triumph—ah—curses! Al Sirat—curses—Alfarida—I—Kaloolah—"

With a heavy thud the wounded man fell to the earth, where he lay all limp and motionless.

With stern brow and triumphant smile, the Turk stood gazing down upon him—stood, as if in joyous reverie over his deed—then he started suddenly, for he seemed to feel rather than discover another presence near him.

A shadow swept before him, and his eyes almost started from their sockets, his darkly-ironed face became livid, and he seemed almost bereft of the power to move.

Before him, and standing in the ruined arch-

way, half in shadow, half in moonlight, was a weird-looking form—a woman, clad in a loose, flowing mantle of snow-white.

Adown her back, and upon her shoulders, hung masses of ink hair, while one arm was stretched out, the finger pointing directly toward the heart of the Turk.

"Accursed Turk—go!"

The voice was deep, almost sepulchral in its tone; but it had a determined ring that at once caused the Turk to obey.

With a cry of commingled fear and horror, he turned and fled swiftly from the scene, fully convinced that he had been warned away from the ruin by a spirit from the grave.

CHAPTER II.

THE SUICIDE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, the metropolis of the land of the Turk, the link that binds Europe with the past of centuries ago, lay in deep repose, for the hour was late, and all good Mahomedans had sought rest.

Without, the night was unusually severe, and a rain-storm skirted along the deserted streets, the winds howled along the house-tops, and whistled mournfully through the rigging of the numerous vessels lying at anchor in the Bosphorus and Golden Horn, whose waters were lashed into foam-capped waves.

The hum of busy life had died away, the rumble of wheels had ceased, and only the Turkish guard patrolled the lonely thoroughfares, or shrank, shivering and miserable, into some friendly shelter under the lee of a house.

Yet there was one wayfarer, indifferently facing the storm, and breathing the icy breath of the gale, as he strode slowly down a deserted street, his shadow, cast by the flickering lamps, dancing about like some giant demon of the darkness.

He was strangely clad for that oriental city of the Turk, for his head was covered by no fez, his form was guiltless of the costume of the East, but instead, he wore the attire of a European.

With no cloak about his shoulders, his slouch hat dripping wet, and the fierce rain pelting him unmercifully and saturating his clothing, he presented a pitiable sight indeed, as he wandered listlessly along, as though not knowing, or caring, whether he went.

At length the wind swept more fiercely in his face, and he shrank visibly from its contact, while he glanced nervously around him.

"Is this chance—or has my destiny led me here to die?" he muttered, in pure English, as his eyes swept over the scene.

He had reached the shores of the Bosphorus, and was standing where the force of the gale chilled him to the heart.

For some moments he stood in gloomy silence, and then again his lips parted in low mutterings:

"Yes, it seems as though I must end my own life; I am almost starved now, and this wind is freezing my very heart."

"Better die at once than linger on here in agony for a day, or night, longer—no, no, no, I could not endure another night like this—I am almost dead now—my will, not my strength, keeps me up."

"Yes, I will end my life here, here in these dark waters, and may a just God, who knows my anguish, forgive me the deed. He will pity me."

"Found dead!—a man, supposed to be an

American, but name unknown—will be all that will be said of me.

"My God! that I should have come to this—I, who was reared in luxury; who once had fond parents and loving sisters to care for me—I, who once won a name in my own land as a gallant soldier—to die thus, a vagabond in a foreign land—to die by my own act, is terrible—to die here in this infidel land of the Turk—a sad ending to a life once bright and joyous."

"But I must not shrink now—there is no hope for me—here must be my grave."

As the unhappy man spoke, he gazed unshrinkingly down into the dark waters of the Bosphorus, and said, in a voice that did not quiver:

"God in heaven! forgive my act—ha! what sound is that?"

"Hark! the noise of combat—"

With lightning speed the man bounded away in the direction from whence came the sounds that had so opportunely prevented his self-destruction—an instant later and the sound would have fallen upon ears forever dulled by death.

A short run brought him upon a scene of excitement. A man, in a heavy cloak, stood against a wall, and with drawn scimitar was defending himself from the attack of four burly Turks, who were pressing him hard.

At his feet lay the motionless form of one of his assailants; but those who remained were evidently seeking his life, for one of them was just raising a long pistol to shoot him down, when the weapon was suddenly snatched from his hand, and fell with a heavy blow upon his head, crushing in the skull.

It was the intended suicide who had dealt the blow, and having come to the rescue he bounded into the midst of the *melee*, whirling in his hand the blade of the man he had slain.

Striking up the weapons of the Turks, with a skill that proved himself a master at fence, he confronted them with bold mien and determined daring.

But, discomfited by the fall of two of their number, the Turks seemed in no mood to continue the struggle, and at once beat a hasty retreat around the nearest corner.

"You have done me good service, sir, and I would not have you suffer on my account—so follow me," said the rescued man, grasping the hand of his preserver, and drawing him quickly away from the scene.

"Why should we fly—I but aided you against a band of cutthroats!" coolly replied the young man, speaking in French, the language in which he had been addressed.

"You mistake—these men whom we have slain are secret soldiers of the sultan—they attacked me for a purpose I cannot explain—come, the alarm is given, and we must away would we save our lives."

Without awaiting a reply the man again drew his preserver onward, hurrying along in the direction of the water.

Halting at the shore he gave a low whistle, and immediately after, out on the dark waters, was visible an approaching boat, in which were the forms of half a dozen men.

"Enter, sir—quick, please," said the stranger, as the boat touched the shore, and the sounds of pursuit were heard behind them.

Involuntarily the young man sprang into the boat—his companion followed quickly, and a low word of command sent the little craft flying away over the dark waters.

"Full with a will, men; I have left that behind me which would cost me my life were I taken."

The young man glanced quickly up—his strange companion had addressed his men in the Greek tongue—then he observed how silently the boat sped over the waters—the oars were muffled—evidently there was some mystery at the bottom of all this.

Yet he felt indifferent to consequences—his intention to end his life had merely been postponed—the scene in which he had been engaged was almost forgotten in his own gloomy thoughts.

Who, or what was his strange companion he cared little—he was just then drifting with the tide of circumstances which must eventually bear him back to misery.

Seeing that his companion shrank from the cold blast that swept over the water, the commander of the boat drew from the locker a heavy robe and threw it around him, saying kindly:

"This is a bitter night to be out without heavy clothing—you should have worn your cloak."

"All that I possess in the world I have on my back."

The grim tone of the young man struck his companion strangely, and he glanced searchingly into his face, while he said:

"Then life has been unkind to you, it would seem? but here we are, and by force of circumstances I must make you my guest."

As he spoke the boat ran under the lee of a large schooner, lying at anchor, but restlessly tugging at the cable, as though anxious to be free.

"Come—I will soon make you comfortable," and taking the arm of the young man, the stranger led him on board the vessel, and down into the brightly-lighted cabin, where the rays of the swinging lamp fell upon the faces of both.

Each man at once glanced quickly into the face of the other—and each was struck with what he there saw.

The one was a man of splendid physique, graceful in carriage, and attired in a threadbare suit of clothes.

His face was pale, haggard, yet strangely

handsome, and one who had seen much of the world, and meeting him in any land, would at once have pronounced him an American—a man who had seen better days in the bygone.

Though shrunken up with cold, dripping wet, and poverty-clad, he was every inch the gentleman, while his dark eyes, though sunken, were full of fire, and his face noble, though pinched with suffering, which caused him to look thirty-five, when his age was really ten years younger.

The other was a man with darkly-browned face, dark hair and beard, both worn long, and a form of medium size, yet denoting strength and activity of no common order.

He had a bold, determined look, his eyes were black and ever restless, and his movements quick and decided.

Turning aside his cloak the act displayed his Greek attire, while at his belt hung a glittering scimitar.

Having quickly scanned the face of his companion, he raised the fez cap from his head, and then threw aside a wig and a false beard, the act leaving his face shaded by only a long mustache and short brown curls clustering about his temples.

"You see I trust you, sir," he said, in pleasant tones, and then he continued:

"You are welcome on board my vessel—which but for you would now be without a commander."

"What circumstances caused you to be alone and friendless in this land of the Turk? I will not inquire into; you saved my life, and I am now ready to aid you."

The young man made no reply, and his companion continued:

"If I mistake not you are an American, and, as such, can hold no sympathy with the Infidel Turk—you have yourself confessed to your poverty, so pardon me if I say that I can make you an offer of lucrative employment—that is, if you are willing to join me in an enterprise of desperate danger."

"In what service, captain?"

"In one of honor, I pledge you my word. Are you afraid to risk your life?"

"No—when I went to your rescue I was going—"

"Where?"

"To death."

"Good God! do you mean what you say?" cried the seaman, impressed by the manner of the other.

"Yes—you saved my life—for, to aid you, I turned away from my intention to end my misery in the dark waters of the Bosphorus." "I will not ask you what has brought you to this—I feel that it was not by dishonor; thank God we met as we did," and the seaman extended his hand, while he spoke in perfect English, and continued:

"I need just such a man as you to aid me—I will go with me?"

"Whether?"

"Does a man who was going to take his own life fear to follow where another man dare lead?"

"No—I will go; but why, if your employment is one of honor, do I find you in disguise, and at war with the soldiers of the sultan?"

"Because I am a hunted man—because I have drawn my sword in defense of the cross against the crescent of the Turk—because I would see the fair isle of Crete free from the rule of the sultan."

"You have said enough—I am with you heart and hand—poor Crete has all of my sympathy in its present struggle."

"Circumstances over which I held no control made me a wanderer in a foreign land, and despair nearly drove me to my death."

The Cretan held forth his hand, which the American warmly grasped, and thus was sealed a friendship between those two so strangely met—the one in the service of a once mighty people, and whose greatness lay buried beneath the ruined temples of their forefathers—the other a son of a new nation, another world, as it were, whose bark of state, launched but a century ago, was to sail over the same stormy seas that had wrecked Rome, Greece and the other mighty governments of antiquity.

CHAPTER III.

THE EXILE'S STORY.

WITH the morning sun the storm died away, and the Bosphorus was no longer swept into restless motion by the chafing wind that had skurried across the waters during the hours of darkness.

From the town, as the sunlight gilded the domes, minarets and pinnacles of the oriental city of Constantinople, came the hum of busy life, for the world of Mohammedanism was awake once more to the cares and pleasures of the day.

No longer tugging restlessly at her anchors, the schooner, which had so strangely become the haven of refuge to the intended suicide of the night before, lay calmly upon the clear waters, her sails closely furled, her crew silently moving about the decks, and all presenting a scene of complete repose.

Yet there was something ominous, almost, in the quietude on board the vessel, which by the light of day proved to be a large yacht, apparently built for both speed and sea-going qualities.

Her hull was exceedingly long, lean and crouched low in the water amidstships, while both the stern and bow were considerably elevated.

Excepting two bands or belts, of blue and white, running around the bulwarks, the hull was painted jet black, while in strange contrast, the masts and spars were snow-white.

The masts were slender, very tall, and raked sanely, while a needle-like bowsprit projected far out over the waters, sheltering the figure-head—a muscular arm, painted blood-red, and grasping a silver scimitar.

That the yacht was not wholly for pleasure, was evident, as her decks were armed with a battery of seven steel guns of the most approved pattern, and her masts were encircled by racks, containing boarding-pikes, cutlasses, and muskets.

Over all there rested an air of perfect neatness and discipline, while the score of her crew visible were dressed in a uniform of blue, trimmed with white.

At the fore-top floated the red flag of the Turk, with its white star and crescent, and at the peak fluttered the ensign of Great Britain, proving that the beautiful vessel was either an English cruiser or an armed pleasure yacht, whose master's wanderings carried him into dangerous waters, where it was well to be prepared for self-protection.

Within the spacious, and luxuriously-furnished cabin, sat two persons at breakfast—the two men already introduced to the reader, and destined to play no small part in the scenes of this romance.

The master of the vessel was attired in a handsome uniform of dark blue cloth trimmed with silver lace, while his sash of woven silk, scimitar, and naval cap, lay upon a divan near by.

His companion was pale, calm-looking, and quiet, but the haggard, despairing look had vanished from his face, and he seemed no longer hopeless.

He was attired in a uniform similar to the one worn by the seaman, though not so elaborately trimmed with silver lace, and in spite of his wan face, was an exceedingly handsome, striking-looking man.

The two had become well acquainted, it would seem, for an easy confidence existed between them, which the seaman furthermore increased by saying, when the meal was finished:

"Now, Mr. Malvern, I will tell you who and what I am—and in so doing I place my life in the hands of a man whom I have not yet known twenty-four hours."

"I appreciate your confidence, Captain Delos—one of these days I will tell you of myself; but not now," calmly answered Paul Malvern, as he lighted a cigar, handed him by his companion, and threw himself into an easy seat.

Julian Delos slowly applied the match to his cigar, drew a few puffs of smoke therefrom, and then tossed it from him, while he paced the cabin thoughtfully for a moment.

Then he took a seat near the American and said, in his deep, musical tones:

"Mr. Malvern, the noble conduct of England's greatest poet, Byron, in casting his fortunes with the Greeks, inspired my father, an English nobleman, to seek that classic land, and offer his sword against the Turk."

"Of his numerous adventures I will not speak, except to say that he was taken prisoner, and would have died by the bow-string, had he not been rescued by a Cretan girl—one whom he had often met and learned to love."

"That maiden afterward became my mother, for my father married her, and together they returned to England, after more than a year's hiding from the Turks in the mountains of Crete."

"It was while thus in concealment that I was born, and shortly afterward my parents escaped from the island in an open boat, and were picked up at sea by an American cruiser and carried to Liverpool."

"But years after another revolution against Turkish tyranny broke out in Crete, and once more my parents returned to the island, my father to offer his sword again to the brave patriots."

"Alas! it proved his death—he was captured and executed, and once more my mother was a fugitive with myself, a mere boy, yet, boy though I was, the sultan pronounced the sentence of death against me and against my mother, should we ever again enter the Turkish territory."

"My father's title and estates descended to me, and perhaps I should have been content to have lived in England; but there seemed born in me a demon of unrest, and daily witnessing the brooding sorrow of my poor mother, I grew up longing for revenge against the slayers of my father."

"At the same time my mother instilled into my heart an undying love for my native land—the fair isle of Crete, and as I grew in years I longed to strike a blow for its freedom."

"Ere I was of age my mother sank to her last rest, and found a grave in English soil; but with her dying breath she made me promise to one day aid my native land."

"The death of my mother, who had been all in all to me, made me more restless and lonely, and building a yacht, and receiving permission from the Queen to arm her, as I expected to cruise in all parts of the world, I left England, and for years I went from land to land, until every sea has known the sharp keel of my vessel."

"Being in your own land, when the civil war broke out, I drew my sword in defense of the South, and fought until the conquered banner went down in gloom; but this war experience made me long to reveal again in battle, and against the hated Turk, and I at once sailed for Greece."

"Under my mother's maiden name, Delos, I visited once more the isle of Crete, and then boldly dropped anchor in the Bosphorus."

"To my joy I found that my countrymen were then trembling on the verge of revolution, and making myself known to them, I was received into their councils. The result is that I am now here in Constantinople, loading my vessel with arms, ammunition, and supplies for the Cretans, who, as you know, have boldly raised the cross against the crescent."

"Yes, and they are making a bold stand of it. But can I ask, Captain Delos, why you come to Constantinople for arms—this, the head and center of your foes?"

The Cretan smiled grimly, and then said:

"The bolder an act, the more certain its success. Were I to arm my vessel in foreign ports, it would cause me to be hunted down by the cruisers of the countries whose laws I broke; with Turkey I am already at war—by Turkey I am already sentenced to death, and hence I came hither, for we have good friends here, even under the shadow of the Sublime Porte."

"As so true have been my friends that my vessel is now fully loaded with all the arms and supplies we can carry."

"And you have done this beneath the very eyes of the Turk, and not been suspected?" asked Paul Malvern, with admiring surprise.

"Yes; yet I feel confident that I was suspected to-day—not suspected as the owner of this craft, but suspected as the exiled Cretan, for I was watched, and, as you know, to-night was attacked. Had it not been for you, I fear I would now be sleeping in the Bosphorus."

"Then I should have thought that you would have set sail last night."

"Yes, it would have been best, I admit; but I have a motive for remaining. It was that motive that urged me the more in coming to the Sublime Porte for my arms."

"And that is—"

"I will tell you. My mother, when she married my father, had a young and beautiful sister, who, when she grew to womanhood, married a wealthy merchant of Crete."

"Her husband, having been a revolutionist, was one of the first to fall in the present struggle, while his wife fell beneath the scimitar of a cruel Turk."

"They had two children, a son of twenty, who it is feared shared the same fate as his father, and a daughter of seventeen, who was taken by the Turkish officer in command and sent to his harem here on the banks of the Bosphorus."

"Did a Turkish officer dare perpetrate such an outrage?" asked Paul Malvern, indignantly.

"Of course—Turkish officers will dare do anything, I have found out."

"Well, that officer is now in Crete, and a leader there, for he is a pasha, and my beautiful cousin, whom I visited at her home, a year ago, is now in his harem on the west bank of the Bosphorus."

"I know the spot well, for I have reconnoitered it, and I am now determined to rescue her."

* Equal to the rank of general.—THE AUTHOR.

cue Zuleikah from the cruel fate for which the Turk intends her, and in that rescue I expect your aid."

"And you shall have it; I am with you, heart and hand."

"Thank you, my friend; I know that you will prove a tower of strength on my side; but let me say that, if we can gain the ear of one person in the harem, our duty will be light."

"Who is this person?"

"She is now a woman advanced in years; once she was the fairest daughter of the isle of Crete, but that was years ago."

"She married a Cretan, a man of family and wealth, and the result of their union was a daughter."

"But the beauty of the young mother attracted the admiration of a Turkish noble, a young and handsome officer, who won her love from her husband, and urged her to fly with him."

"The guilty lovers were surprised in their trysting-place by the indignant husband, and a combat followed, wherein the Cretan was struck down and left for dead by the Turk."

"Then the lovers fled, and the beautiful Alfarida became the inmate of a harem, the favorite of the cruel Turk, for whose love she had fled from her home."

"But the Cretan did not die; he recovered, and devoted himself to his little daughter; yet, strange to say, taught her to revere the memory of her mother, whom he never ceased to love."

"Nay, more: he loves her to this day, and a slave, one who waited in the Turk's harem, having visited our island, and reported that Alfarida was tired of life, and wished to return to her home, her husband has longed to have her do so."

"Years have passed since the Ethiopian slave told the poor husband of the wish of his faithless wife, and daily the mourning man hopes for her return."

"This man, El Estin by name, is one of our prominent leaders, though secretly, and I feel that if Alfarida returned to him he would devote his whole energy in the cause of Crete, and therefore I am anxious to have her do so."

"Now she and my cousin Zuleikah are in the same harem, and I determined to rescue both of them. It is a dangerous game to play; here on the banks of the Golden Horn, but I feel that we will be successful."

"We can at least make the attempt, Captain Delos—"

"Yes—and this very night."

CHAPTER IV.

A BOLD VENTURE.

THE night broke in unclouded splendor upon land and water, mirroring the stars, the trees, the vessels and the minarets and pinnacles of Constantinople in the unclouded depths of the strait which stretched majestically away between the two shores toward the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora.

Upon the banks of a peninsula, formed by a small creek flowing into the crystal waters of the Bosphorus, stood a large kiask—the villa of some wealthy noble.

Around it were gardens of rare beauty, and wafted over the waters was a breeze laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers.

Shrubs, orange-trees and numerous other flower-bearing bushes lined the walks, while the falling of waters, thrown into the air by fountains, broke pleasantly upon the ear, for though the night was cool it was not unpleasantly so.

The kiask was a large, rambling structure built wholly in the pinnacled, oriental style of architecture, and half surrounded as it was by water, seemed a secluded retreat in which one could dream away the hours of life.

Presently over the limpid waters of the Bosphorus glided a large *caïque*, containing two cloaked forms besides the four oarsmen.

With rapid stroke it advanced toward the shore, down to which sloped the beautiful garden, and was then allowed to drift slowly in against the hedge that bordered the grounds.

"Come, signor; we will land. Taras, seize and hold any one who approaches the boat," and so saying the speaker sprang ashore, followed immediately by a tall form.

The two were Captain Julian Delos and Paul Malvern, and they had boldly invaded the grounds that surrounded the kiask of Al Sirat Pasha.

A walk of a few moments brought them to an orange bower, almost under the shadows of the harem walls, and here they halted.

In silence they waited for full an hour, and then a man came around the corner of the kiask, and turned his steps in the direction of the water-stairs.

In the starlight brightness the two men in waiting recognized him as an Ethiopian slave, clad in his garments of white.

He was huge in stature, slow in movement, and his face of inky blackness.

In his sash he wore a pistol, and to a chain hung a bared scimitar, while a jeweled crescent glittered in his turban.

"That fellow is evidently a head servant—some trusted villain of Al Sirat; but if he were the pasha himself we must take him; come," and, as Captain Delos thus whispered, he left the arbor and crept noiselessly on after the slave, who directed his steps to the water's edge, where against the stone stairway were moored half a dozen *caïques* of various sizes.

As if expecting some one at the landing, who had not come, and stood silently gazing out over the starlit waters at the brilliant lights of Istanbul in the distance.

Wrapped in deep reverie he failed to observe the two dark forms stealing upon him from the shadow of the orange hedge.

Nearer and nearer they crept, until, with a bound, they were upon him, and a heavy blow sent him reeling to the ground.

Ere he could recover himself, or cry out, his pistol and scimitar were in the hands of his captors, and a jeweled dirk was held above his head.

"Utter a cry for aid and you shall die; be calm, and answer my questions, and I will show mercy, slave," said Captain Delos, speaking in the Turkish tongue.

"What would you—and who are you, that dare thus seize upon the head servant of my lordship, Al Sirat Pasha?" returned the Ethiopian, gruffly, though still lying passively upon the ground.

"That you shall soon know. Arise and come with us," sternly replied the Cretan.

The slave instantly and meekly obeyed, while his small black eyes glanced nervously around, perhaps with a view to seize upon some plan of escape.

A walk of a hundred yards brought them to the shrub-embankment avenue, at the foot of which awaited the boat.

"Well, Taras, you are on the alert, I see," said Julian Delos, as the coxswain of the *caïque* arose suddenly and confronted them.

* Constantinople.

THE RUIN.

BY ANDREW RYAN.

A picture old, with outlines bold,
Returns, where'er I sit and think;
'Tis a ruin gray, where sunny ray
For years has shunned each widening chink.

A swallow's nest shows 'neath the eave
Which once looked proudly to the sky;
All desolate the massive gate,
Where knights heroes oft passed by.

In olden days, soft minstrel lays
Were heard beneath yon casement tall,
And visions fair were oft framed there,
And mail-clad feet rung through the hall.

And o'er the moat would often float
Sweet strains from yonder chamber dim,
For there they prayed, and aside laid
All worldly thoughts and came to Him.

But no strains sweet your ears now greet
From out the silent, gloomy walls;
Within all's dead; no stately tread
Awakes the echoes of its halls!

From foot to brow the castle now
Is still, save for the night-bird's cry;
With weeds o'ergrown, it stands alone,
The ghost of grandeur long gone by.

I ever part with saddened heart
From this in memory hallowed scene,
It brings to me so forcibly
My hopes of now and what have been.

For once my dreams were bright as beams
The rainbow weaves, when showers are o'er,
And ah! too soon they fell to ruin,
E'en as the castle did of yore!

The Gamin Detective:

OR,

Willful Will, the Boy Clerk,

A Story of the Centennial City.

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "NOBODY'S BOY," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WILL PREPARES FOR WORK.

WE left Will and his companion on a shed overlooking a band of conspirators. The long June twilight had just passed, the sky was overcast with clouds, and it was quite dark.

Will glanced in at the narrow aperture of the window. There was less than an inch of space left by the curtain. But this enabled him to catch a glimpse of a table, on which burnt a lamp, and to see the faces of the four men seated around it.

Black-eyed Joe stood back. He had just brought up some liquors.

Will could scarcely repress a chuckle of triumph. The face of the man whom he had last seen outside was now fully displayed. There was no doubt now, he knew him at a glance.

The face of a second looked familiar to him. The other two were strangers. His companion, however, seemed to know them.

"Them's gay nobs. High-toned cracksmen," he whispered. "I know just where to put my finger on them."

The men were busily conversing, but in low tones, and only an occasional phrase reached the eager young ears at the window.

"Not safe now," was the first phrase caught. "John Elkton is in prison. He won't blow."

"The West is the best field. After this scent gets cold."

"All safe, Joe?"

"Ay," said Joe, in a louder voice. "Up yonder. Stowed close."

He pointed with his finger over his left shoulder in an upward direction.

"Not so loud. There's ears below."

Their voices now sunk lower, so that the spies heard nothing for some time.

Suddenly Will clapped his hand on his knee. "Bet I've got him nailed now," he said, in an incautious whisper.

"Who?" asked Joe.

"The black-whiskered feller. Know him like a broom."

The men grew still more earnest in their conversation.

"Will be in store about Thursday," came to the ears of the boys as their tones grew louder.

"And won't be looked after?"

"No, they think we're frightened off, and won't venture to touch this lot. I can give the cue if there's a change in the programme."

"We'd best touch it deep then. We might not get another chance soon. The secret way is all right yet."

"Yes. Not dreamed of."

"That's a lie," was Will's whispered comment. "I'll bet a cow you'll find a hornet in your box."

Their tones fell again, and nothing further came to the listeners' ears. The consultation soon after broke up, and there were signs of departure.

"Thursday night, then," said one.

"No. Friday night. They might be on guard on Thursday."

The boys slid down the shed, gained the fence, and in a moment had dropped to the ground outside.

"Now, Joe, we know our men, and don't need to follow them. Let's slide," said Will.

They lost no time in putting distance between them and that dangerous locality.

"Tell you what it is, Will," said Joe, leaning doggedly against a lamp-post. "There's something up. What is it?"

"Dead burglary, Joe. These fellers have been going through a friend of mine. Jist hear their impudence, too. They've laid out a plan to rob him agin next Friday. But I'm on hand to spile their little game."

"Who's been robbed?"

"Can't tell you now. You'll know afore long. You'll get paid, too, for our fun to-night. You know where them cracksmen can be nabbed."

"Mighty queer if I don't."

"That's the ticket. I'll call on you soon at headquarters in the square. Till then, mum's the word."

"I wouldn't blow; no more than an oyster," said Joe, indignantly.

"We'll split then for to-night."

Will went his way, whistling his feelings in a very gay air.

He was diligent in his store duties for the next few days, being light-hearted in an unusual degree.

When Will was in his gay mood he was the life of the store, keeping up a constant breeze of amusement. Mr. Leonard had decided to let him alone in these outbursts of animal spirits, as he did not find that the liveliness engendered by Will interfered with the amount of labor performed, but rather aided it. So our young friend was left to sing, dance, joke, and otherwise upset the quiet of the store, to his heart's content.

And yet he fell into bitter disgrace before the week was out.

It was Thursday. They were engaged in getting in an invoice of very valuable goods. These were black silks of superior quality, and very costly.

Will labored vigorously, but with the utmost good humor, at the task of getting the cases into the store and lowering them into the basement

"You had better know it, and well, in the future. I warn you now that the next time you attempt it you will be sent about your business."

"I'm about my business now," said Will, as he lent a hand to the next case.

"You have entirely too much impudence, boy. I will not have these pert answers."

"Dunno how you're goin' to help it. My tongue's just as hard to manage as my legs."

"You have got to manage it, then," cried Mr. Wilson, in sudden anger. "If not here, then somewhere else. Your insolence is getting unbearable."

"You didn't hire me, and I ain't taking no discharge from you."

"I'll see if you won't," cried Wilson.

"Now you get back to your end of the ship, and don't be annoying a gentleman at his work," said Will, impatiently. "You're worse than a bad oyster. You'd best slide if you know when your mother's pet is well off."

"Why you insolent, rascally young beggar!" Mr. Wilson could hardly speak for rage. "That comes from taking vagrants off the street. You shall get out of this store, or I will."

He made as if he would take Will by the shoulders and put him out bodily, then and there.

"You can get, soon as you want," said Will, standing erect, and coolly eyeing him. "Dunno that you're much use here, long side of me. Willful Will ain't to be spared."

"I'll see about that," cried Wilson, doubly enraged, as some of the men laughed. "This is the second specimen of your insolence and it shall be the last. If there's more of it I shall put you out myself."

"Don't try it on," said Will, lifting his straight, athletic figure. "If you lay a finger on me I'll double you up like a jack-knife. I could carry down a dozen mules like you. Now get, and blow to Mr. Leonard, and I don't care three darns what you tell him. Look out, though, that I don't get a ring in your nose afore you're a week older, if you try it on."

Wilson seemed incapable of further speech. He went hastily away.

"You're a fool, Will. You've got your walking papers," said one of the men.

"Bet a dollar I ain't," said Will, easily. "I ain't taking no discharge now."

"But you forget that Wilson has principal authority in the store, and great influence with Mr. Leonard."

"I don't keer the wink of a cat's eye for Gus Wilson. He's had more say than he's goin' to have. Think I'll take his place afore long, if Mr. Leonard will give me salary enough. Let him see his prettiest row, and see if I don't come out ahead."

"That's all talk, Will. I am afraid you have done for yourself."

"Them that lives longest will see the most," was Will's answer.

Ten minutes after Will received a peremptory summons to the office.

He walked back with his most independent air, entered the office, and coolly helped himself to a chair opposite Mr. Leonard, who was seated alone.

"I did not ask you to seat yourself," said the latter, in a displeased tone.

"I was afraid you wouldn't. That's why I helped myself," said Will, nonchalantly. "We're goin' to have considerable talk, and I'm too tired to stand."

"I don't think we will have much talk," said the merchant, sharply. "A few words will conclude my business with you."

"You are too much inclined to answer back," said Mr. Leonard, severely. "That is your main fault. I am satisfied with you otherwise, but cannot permit insolence in my establishment. You have talked in a shamefully insolent manner to Mr. Wilson. Now that is nearly the same as if you had used such language to me. I am sorry for the necessity, Will, but will have to discharge you. I had hoped better things of you."

"It isn't the same," said Will, quickly. "You wouldn't talk to me as he does, and there's where the difference comes in. If a feller comes at me like a slave-driver it's all very pretty, but I guess he'll find I don't drive."

"Men don't measure their language in speaking to boys. You must expect to put up with hasty speech."

"Boys have got souls," said Will, indignantly. "Tain't what I've been used to, to be talked to like a dog."

"I am sorry, Will, that there is such a break between you and Mr. Wilson. I will have to support him. You must go."

"What for Gus Wilson? Not if I know myself. I wouldn't stayed here a week, Mr. Leonard, if you hadn't been a straight man. You suit me pretty well, and I ain't taking no discharge."

"This is nonsense, boy," said the merchant, severely. "You will have to go."

"I'll bet my next year's salary that Gus Wilson goes first," said Will, settin' g his hat rakishly on his head.

"Come, there is enough of this," said Mr. Leonard, rising. "I will say what is due you, and hope this experience may be a lesson to you in the next place you may get."

"Set down, Mr. Leonard," said Will, easily. "Maybe you're done; but I ain't quite through yet."

The merchant stood looking down at the independent boy with an air of surprise. He had not met such a character before.

"What have you got to say?" he asked.

"Well, the first thing is, that I ain't only goin' to spend my days here, but calculate to spend my nights here, too."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you have got in a lot of fine goods, and that the thieves are goin' for them to-morrow night."

"My Fittler, the detective don't think so."

"He be blowed. He's got a straight work, but not for a crooked job like this. I'm goin' to be detective, and to spend to-morrow night in your cellar. There's rats there that want to be smelt out. Set down," he continued, as the merchant looked incredulous. "It won't be my first night there. I've got something to tell you."

Mr. Leonard's incredulity changed to intense interest as Will proceeded to describe his former night in the cellar, and what he had seen there.

"Can it be possible?" he cried. "Why did you not tell me this before?"

"I was waiting for it to get ripe," said Will, quietly. "Set still; I ain't done yet."

He proceeded with a description of his last evening's adventure, and of his recognition of the parties concerned, though declining just then to tell who they were.

"But this is most important," said the merchant, breathlessly. "I must send for Mr. Fittler at once."

"If you do I wash my hands clean of it," said Will. "I ain't taking no pards in business."

"But we need his advice."

"We don't want none of it. I tell you what we do want."

"Well?"

"We want tall tongues. If this thing is talked of our dog's dead. I'll tell you this much, there's a traitor in the store. If there's a whisper gets out all our fun goes for nothing. I want to find how them things are got out of the cellar."

"You are right, Will. I shall not speak of it."

"Nor don't look it, nor wink it, nor let it out in anyway. There will be somebody doubtful of our long talk here. Tell Gus Wilson, and the rest of them that I begged off, and made you promise me another week's trial."

"Very well. I will do so. No one shall learn anything from me."

"Not Wilson, nor Fittler, nor none of them. The job can't be done if it gets in the wind."

"But how will you manage to remain after night without its being known?"

"Easy enough. You send me away just afore six. Trust me to make my way back."

"I think you can do it, Will. You had best go into the store now."

Will went quietly out, leaving the merchant plunged in deep thought.

CHAPTER XIII.

A PRISON CELL.

JOHN ELKTON had been a week in prison. His arrest had excited much indignation among his friends, who had a high opinion of his character. His silence, however, in regard to the damaging charge against him excited distrust in some, even of his friends. His employer was one of these. He offered to see that John was released on bail, if he would only explain to him this mystery. But John would not explain, and did not want bail.

He was moody and unhappy in his contracted prison cell, and grew cross and nervous as the long days wore on. The monotony was broken by frequent visits from his friends, some of whom were very attentive to him. But with all this the hours dragged, and the place grew bitterly tiresome.

One thing wore on him more than aught else. He had seen and heard nothing of Jennie Arlington. How was his disgrace going to affect her? He did not believe that she could turn from him for an unproved crime, but she was under the direct influence of his enemies, and what stories might not be told, and what arguments brought to bear on her?

He was fully aware of the natural conclusion from his persistent silence, and could not blame people for distrusting his innocence. But he had fondly hoped that she had more confidence in him, and would not turn away from him so lightly.

But as the days wore on and she came not he began to fear that she was lost to him, and to grow miserably unhappy in consequence.

Another thing seemed to annoy him. Some of his friends kept aloof from him, one in particular of whom he had had a very excited opinion, and whose absence caused him much mental disquiet. He finally sent a message to this man, Jesse Powers by name, with an urgent request to have him come to the prison and see him.

It failed in its effect. His friend was out of town and did not get his epistle.

It was nearly the end of the first week of prison life when the door of his cell was one morning unlocked, and a new visitor admitted. He had been given a privilege which few of the prisoners enjoyed of having both doors opened, and visitors admitted within the grating.

He sat disconsolate and moody, fretting in spirit at the defection of his betrothed, when he lifted his eyes and saw her standing before him, her eyes full of love and sympathy.

"Oh, John!" was her piteous exclamation.

He sprang to his feet with new life, clasped her in his arms, and rained kisses on her distressed face.

"This is very good in you, Jennie," he said. "I have just been thinking of you, and wishing for you; but not hoping."

"You did not think I had forgotten you?" she said, reproachfully.

"No, no, Jennie; I had faith in your love. But how I did want you."

He kissed her again, clasping her still closer.

"And what a place this is," she said, looking round the cell. "I would have been here before, John, but I was hindered. I thought, indeed, the first few days, that you would not stay here."

"How could I help myself, Jennie? No bird would stay in its cage if the door was open."

"You could open the door with a word. You know you could," she said, looking tenderly but eagerly into his face. "You are innocent. Why will you not clear yourself?"

"It looks as if I were guilty," he replied, leading her to the only chair the cell afforded. "The law and the public seem to think so."

"It is your own fault, John. You are incomprehensible. Why are you so silent? I cannot guess a reason. You must clear yourself."

"And convict others?"

"If they are guilty, yes."

"There are things that cannot be told, Jennie, and reasons why I should not convict even the guilty. I hope you will not press this matter further. I have not taken my course without excellent reasons. If you know all, you would counsel me to do as I have done. Let that suffice. It pains me to have to refuse you."

Jennie was silent for a little, thinking. She clasped his hand with a warm pressure. His saddened eyes were fixed eagerly upon her face.

"Let it be so," she said, at length. "For the present, at least, we will forget it."

The conversation changed. Seated upon the floor at her feet, and looking lovingly up into her eyes, their talk grew of softer themes. Their voices fell, mellowed by love. Hours, it seemed to them, they conversed in that sweet love gossip so hard to translate, so weak and meaningless when put into words.

Looks, tones, hand-pressures, form the soul of lovers' talk, and these no pen can write down. The words spoken are dreadfully prosy to outsiders; all the poetry lies in the language of lips and eyes.

"Your friends have all visited you, then?" she at length asked.

"Not all. Nearly all," he replied. "Their kindness has helped me greatly."

"Could they do less, and be friends?" she quickly replied. "I do not think much of those who have failed to come."

"I do not blame them. They might have been away, or unable to come. And my very equivocal position is a very good reason for their absence."

"It is no reason at all," she broke out. "They are no friends of yours to desert you in your extremity."

"Well, well, Jennie, there are only three or four."

"Let me know their names."

"And why?" he asked, laughing. "Are you going to put them in your black book?"

"No matter. I want to know their names," she excitedly replied.

"You are the most persistent creature," he said, teasingly. "I do not till I find out that they have really deserted me. Then I will deliver them over to your vengeance."

"That is no answer," she said, determinedly. "Their names!"

"I see there is no escape," he replied, with a heavy laugh. "Grant me a few days, that I may notify them what to expect."

"Not an hour. Not five minutes," she replied, with a touch of his own humor.

"Well, since it must be, it must be," he said, resignedly. "First, there is Ellis Branson. Have you heard him?"

"Yes. Go on," she said, writing down the name, with a merry smile.

"Harry Howard."

"Proceed."

"James Milton."

"And the next?"

"Is not that enough?" he said. "You have three good names there."

"Not enough unless it is all," she replied, with an earnest look.

"That is all the names I can give you, Jennie," he said, more seriously. "This is an old whim of yours, anyhow. I do not know what you can want with them."

"That is my secret," she said, gayly. "I have a right to my secrets, too. Come, John, there are more. Give me another victim."

"Jennie, I don't quite like this," he replied.

"Do you know you are acting strangely?"

"Not half as strangely as you," she replied.

"Are there any more names?"

"I decline to answer," he said, with a slight frown on his brow.

"There, I do believe the absurd man is getting angry," she exclaimed, laughing. "I must leave now, before the thunder-clouds arise."

"No, no! Not so soon. You have been here no time. I will smile like a summer day if you will only remain."

"Listen to the tramp of that turnkey's feet. He is getting impatient of our happiness. I must really go now."

"To return soon?"

"Yes. I am staying in the city now. I will not leave you alone."

A few more parting words, and she left the cell.

The turnkey, a young, pleasant-looking man, attended her toward the great door of the prison.

"It is a horrible place this," she said, shuddering.

"I do not find it so, Miss," he replied. "As for Mr. Elkton, he is very comfortable. You should see in some of the other cells."

"I beg to decline," she said. "His is bad enough."

"We make it as easy for him as we can," said the officer. "And he is not lonely. He has plenty of visitors."

"Has he any privileges?"

"Oh, yes. He gets his meals outside. And he can have his friends in his cell, and can write to them and receive answers."

"He has written to some of them, then?" she asked, quickly.

"One letter only, I believe."

"Any answer?"

"No, Miss."

"Did he seem to expect one?"

"Oh, yes. And quite worried that it did not come."

"I cannot imagine who it could have been. I know most of his friends, and would have thought they would be careful to answer him."

"I am engaged to Mr. Elkton, you know," she said, with a slight blush. "Do you remember the name of the person he wrote to?"

"Very well. It was Jesse Powers. I took the letter myself, as I had an errand in the city."

"Did you see him?"

"No. He was absent from home."

"The name is familiar. Where did he live?"

"No. 1485 North Third street."

"Thank you. Excuse my curiosity. Women will be asking questions, you know."

The turnkey smiled, as he opened the gate.

"Jesse Powers," she said, with compressed lips, on getting outside. "That is the name he refused to tell me. I believe I am on the track of the mystery."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 365.)

WHEN WHEAT IS GREEN.

BY GUY ROBLYN.

When wheat is green in furrowed fields,
And forest lanes are lined with leaves,<
And all the world is full of gladness,
And every mateless maiden grieves
For lack of love, at such a time
My pleasure will be in its prime.

The clouds, that keep away the sun,
And cover up the moon at night;
Before the stars begin to twinkle,
And leave the heavens blue and bright;
The sun will shine upon the sea—
The moon will light the world for me.

And then, ah, then! Oh, dearest days!
Laboring branches, thick with bloom,
All throw their gold on garden ways,
And kiss the windows of my room.
And then the day! How will it be
To live in such felicity!

My brow with blossoms will be bound,
And from my fears I shall be free;
Oh, early time, bring quickly round
The merriest month of all for me!
That I may hear the church bells ring,
And on my finger see the ring!

Esplanade of the City of Palaces.

BY YAM.

THE Esplanade of Calcutta presents a curious and interesting appearance between the hours of five and seven. It commences down near the river Hooghly and extends beyond "Baboo Ghaut."

One beautiful evening in October, 1870, myself and two midshipmen procured three "Palankens" and gave instructions to the carriers for them to take us there. Each reclining at full length, we lighted our cigars and abandoned ourselves to our own meditations, while our *Palanken* *Wallahs*, four to each palanken, raised their conveyance and started off at a jog-trot, accompanying their measured tread by a low, grunting song, intended to reach the ears of "Hobson Jobson" or some other deity, of whom they would ask strength to carry their burden without accident or inconvenience, and also, that said deity would influence their fares to give *bakshish* in addition to their legitimate fare.

A ride in a palanken is not by any means the most comfortable mode of transit, and when our four-mile journey was completed we were sincerely thankful.

What the rolling and pitching of a vessel at sea is to a landsman, the uneasy motion of a palanken is to a sailor, or any one else not accustomed to its peculiar jolting.

In fact, a sense of seasickness was experienced by my two friends, who voted that we should get out and walk, or take a dingy from the first landing.

We found, however, that the tide was running much too strong for the dingies to make headway, and so concluded to finish as we had commenced in the palanken.

Our carriers had become incensed at our desire to change our mode of locomotion and raised the palankens up with more energy and dispatch than was absolutely necessary.

Herbert, who was naturally irritable and apt to give way to his by no means amiable temper, loudly expostulated with his *team*, and threatened to give them "bamboo bakshish" (a thrashing) unless they handled him more carefully.

Without replying, they trotted along for a few minutes, and continued their song, but my ears could detect some choice maledictions on the head of the "dog of a Melican man" who had threatened them. I could not avoid an inward chuckle, for I knew that if Herbert should interpret some of their lingo it would cause some delay and trouble.

Looking back, I saw one of his men make a sign to the others who made a feint of stumbling over a stone.

Herbert growled out something I could not hear, and extending his arm struck one of the men with his bamboo cane.

Immediately the four men slipped from under the poles of the palanken, and it came down with a crash, and poor Herbert rolled over in the mud.

Springing up he belabored them with his cane and administered a few vigorous kicks.

Not waiting for their palanken, they rushed into the water to escape his warm consideration.

In vain I ordered them to come back to their duty, and Herbert was compelled to get into my palanken to finish the journey.

Arriving at the "Pepper-Box," an ornamental landmark, we dismissed our men and walked across the Esplanade into the "Eden Gardens."

Seating ourselves, we eagerly watched each native and white pedestrian as they took their promenade.

Elegantly-dressed children, accompanied by their Hindoo nurses, gambled across the lawn and admired the tropical plants and flowers.

Pale, delicate-looking ladies sat reading the latest English, French and American novels.

Languid, consumptive men reclined upon the bamboo benches reading their papers and smoking.

Every one appeared to have brought a servant along to fan or hold an umbrella over them.

"This is a poor place for Europeans and Americans, Herbert, for, after all, what good do thousands of rupees do a man if he is to sacrifice his health and life in gaining them?" I observed.

"The fact is, they live too fast out here. These people have native female servants who bear them children, and then they drink and smoke to an inordinate extent; of course I speak in general terms. Hallo, look at that elegant turnout just entering the drive!"

We arose and sauntered across the garden to the esplanade, which was now filled with carriages.

The *bon-ton* dinner-hour in Calcutta is seven o'clock, and it being now about six the drive was patronized by everybody owning a horse.

In Calcutta a man is not tolerated in the society of foreigners who cannot keep a team, consequently many people could be seen driving daily whether they had a decent driving-suit or not. It mattered little, so long as the horse was good.

Here comes a nabob who, rolling in wealth, looks back with pleasure to the days of the East Indian Company, and now grows out a dozen times a day that the "country, like the service, has gone to the devil."

He drives a handsome pair of bays, four liveried servants are mounted on the carriage and two run ahead with feather-dusters which they wave over their heads and under the horses' noses to drive off the musketoes.

After him come two army officers driving tandem—dashing, aristocratic fellows they appear to be.

Now we have a red-faced, good-natured looking Englishman; he may be a clerk in some government department, his is a one-horse buggy, and by his side sits a beautiful half-caste, or *Che-che*.

This soberly-dressed gentleman is doubtless a clergyman; by his side sits an old groom, as immovable as a statue.

Look out! Here comes a party of captains on horseback! They board at *Spencer's* and seldom go on board their vessels: "It is not the thing, you know."

Immediately after them come two handsome young middies, riding hard and recklessly; they have been indulging," evidently, as they cannot "sit" well, and one came near going "overboard."

Suddenly they draw rein and strike off toward the "Midan," for they caught sight of their commander among the horsemen just ahead of them.

This is a "Baboo," or rich merchant, alongside sit two young girls—one a full-blooded native and the other a *Che-che*. Their turbans conceal their features, but we suppose they are pretty.

Ah! Who is this? Ten grooms, barefooted, are running ahead of an imposing coach in which are six handsomely-caparisoned Arabian steeds. A horn is blown and everybody makes room for the Governor-General and his lady.

This is his carriage of state, and he is accompanied by two of his chief officers in gorgeous uniforms. In addition to the ten carriers are six stately looking fellows, mounted before and behind the coach. They are as proud of their position as their master is of his.

Behind his Excellency is a beautiful little phaeton driven by two ladies; they are popular actresses.

After driving round twice, many of the equipages depart to allow their occupants time to dress for dinner.

No one, however, thinks of leaving before the governor has appeared and driven once round, which, as he does every day, would induce one to believe that it was one of the most important duties of his lordship. So mote it be.

"Come, Ed," said Herbert, "let's go aboard and write our letters home."

"All right, my dear fellow," I replied, and turning to Bob I asked, was he ready?

"Why, yes—certainly—of course—deuce take me, however, if I can make it out."

"What?" and Herbert and myself laughed.

"Why, do you see that small 'gharry' with a white horse and only one lamp, coming round the bend?"

"Well, what of it?"

"Hush! I can't explain now. Excuse me one moment, boys; I will meet you here."

Saying which Master Bob walked up to a "gharry" which had just stopped opposite to us, and from which we saw a small hand waving a white handkerchief.

Bob, after speaking a few moments to the person inside, raised his uniform cap and allowed the carriage to pass on.

NEW YORK, APRIL 14, 1877.

SOON TO APPEAR!

BY THE EVER POPULAR

ALL COMES!

THE STAR WEEKLY.

Sunshine Papers.

Mud—Assorted Kinds

ful plague to residents of the country. If you stir without the house the walks are small rivers, the grassy banks are morasses, the roads sloughs of despond, and universal are the expressions of impatience, annoyance and disgust by the travelers, and the would-be travelers, housewives, and faithful parents, whose

WHAT NEXT?

and labor tends, and to which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known, by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or of his felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show.

Foolscap Papers.

Styles for Spring, 1877.

ments, and their noble womanhood, those mistaken individuals whose willful blindness and ignorant self-sufficiency led them to suppose woman totally devoid of such desirable traits.

Topics of the Time.

ceives \$50,000 per year salary. The English Crown Princess wedded to the Prussian Crown Prince, and living away from Great Britain, receives over \$600,000 annually! That's where some of the "people's money" goes in kingly countries.

Readers and Contributors.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—All advertisements in our columns stand on their own merit. We in no way endorse them. We insert none that we think are objectionable.

PERPLEXITY

BY MRS. MARY D. BRINE.

Oh! what can a maiden do,
With lovers around as thick as bees,
Each trying their best myself to please?
Each vowing a love so true!
Oh! what can a maiden do?

Oh! what should a maiden do?
The people will talk and call it a shame,
And add the title of "Miss" to my name;
Oh, dear! I leave it to you,
Now what should a maiden do?

Oh! what should a maiden do?
The trouble is that I like them all,
The plain and handsome, the short and tall;
This funny, I know, but true;
So what ought a maid to do?

Now, what would you really do?
Would you marry and get rid of the rest?
That is, if you liked me best,
Dear friends, I appeal to you,
Isn't that what I ought to do?

America's Commodores.

EDWARD PREBLE.

BY CAPT. JAMES MCKENZIE.

As Richard Dale may be said to have been a good type of Virginia, so Preble may be regarded as a representative Maine man. Born and bred on her coast, and familiar from boyhood with the sea, like Dale he became a sailor when but a mere youth, and loved the sea and sea life with an enthusiasm that carried him to honor and fame in his country's naval service.

Edward Preble came of good stock—his forefathers moving from Massachusetts to Maine in the year 1645. They were men of credit, and served the colony (for Maine was a colony of Massachusetts) in offices of trust. His father, Jedediah, was captain in the provincials that accompanied Wolfe in his campaign against Quebec, and stood near that heroic leader when he received his mortal wound on the Heights of Abraham. He afterward rose to a brigadier-general's rank. When the War of the Revolution broke out, he found old Jedediah a sturdy patriot—too old for the field but influential in council and State.

Edward was born at Falmouth Neck (now Portland), Maine, Aug. 15th, 1761—the third son of a second marriage. He was early in life distinguished by his resolute nature as well as for his hot temper, which, in all his after career, was his one marked defect of character. Many anecdotes of his youth illustrate both characteristics, and show how truly, in his case, the "boy was father to the man."

In 1775 the English commenced punishing the "Yankee rebels" by burning unprotected seacoast towns and in ravaging estates. Falmouth was partially destroyed, and the old "brigadier" removed his family for safety to a farm, some distance from the town. But, potato digging and driving oxen were not to Edward's taste; so one day in the field he threw down the hoe, rebelled against his stern old father's orders and started for the port, where he enlisted on a letter of marque privateer, bound for Europe. This, his general followed; but, finding the boy determined on a sea life, he let him go, hoping one cruise would cure the youngster of his "sailor fever."

But, one cruise only confirmed his predilections for the sea; and, seeing the boy's bent, the old general, in the year 1779, procured him a midshipman's warrant, in the provincial marine of Massachusetts—Edward then being nearly eighteen years of age. He was assigned to the Protector, of 26 guns, Capt. John Williams, a very plucky and enterprising officer, under whose command young Preble saw ship service, for the Protector, in June (1779), engaged an English letter-of-marque, the Admiral Duff, of equal strength. After an hour's severe fight the Duff blew up and sunk—the Protector picking up such of her men as did not go down with their vessel. Soon after an English frigate, the Thames, of 33 guns, fell in with the "Yankee," and a cutting, running fire ensued. Williams escaped by crippling the enemy's upper works and rigging, but did not return to port until he had secured several prizes and more prisoners than it was desirable to carry.

Preble enjoyed this cruise immensely, and proved himself a most admirable officer. He sailed with Williams to the Penobscot, in the squadron of the unlucky Commodore Saltonstall, to co-operate in the expedition against that then strong English post. While anchored on the coast, the day being very calm, an enormous serpent was seen lying on the water not far from the ships. All on board saw the creature plainly, and the officers all examined it carefully through their glasses. It seemed to be lying perfectly in repose, basking in the sun, only raising its head occasionally high out of water for observation.

Williams determined to "try for the ugly customer," so ordered Preble to man one of the boats and pull for the game. This the young midshipman proceeded to do with alacrity. In a boat of twelve oars, with a swivel mounted in the bow and every man armed for boarding, he struck out for the monster, who, seeing the danger, began slowly to move away, its head carried about ten feet above the smooth sea and making a wide wake as it passed. The boat was put under its best speed but the snake easily led it. The swivel was then brought to bear, and, after careful aim, was discharged loaded with bullets. This sent the serpent off at tremendous speed and it soon passed completely out of sight. The creature was thought by Preble to have been considerably over one hundred feet in length, and its body, as seen was over three feet in thickness.

The Penobscot expedition was a disaster that resulted in the capture or destruction, by the enemy, of the entire squadron, and Preble, with his commander and companions, was taken to New York and placed on the prison ship Jersey, where he remained for some time. He was soon paroled, however, but was not exchanged for a long time. He could have escaped, but was too honorable to violate his parole, so remained in the city for nearly two years. Then he was restored to liberty, and proceeding to Boston, went as first lieutenant on the State cruiser Winthrop, commanded by Captain George Little, who had been first lieutenant on the Protector.

In the Winthrop he rose to prominence by a single act. A British brig had captured an American sloop off Penobscot, and the Winthrop overhauled and retook the prize. From its crew Captain Little learned of the presence of the brig in the bay, and resolved upon her capture. To Preble, with forty men, was given the task of boarding. The Winthrop, with a favoring wind, ran in the bay at night and alongside of the brig near enough for the boarders to leap on her deck. Her headway, however, was so great as to carry the Yankee cruiser clear of the brig, leaving Preble and only fourteen of his men on her decks. But this was enough, for before the English crew could be called to quarters they were prisoners. Not a gun was fired to alarm the fort, but the fort soon opened on the daring adventurers, and Preble slipped cable, hoisted sail, and with great skill worked the prize out of the harbor under sharp fire, which, however, in the darkness, did but little damage.

This admirable exploit was received in naval circles with ecstacy, and made the boy lieutenant a favorite. The Winthrop continued to the close of the war in active service off the coast, and became a terror to the English privateers that ran out from Halifax and St. John to infest the waters below.

With peace came a general disbandment of the navy and naval cruisers, and Preble passed to

* This same serpent has been seen on the Maine coast several times, in pretty well-authenticated instances. A very interesting account of one of these appearances, is given in Biddle's Monthly for Nov., 1869.

the merchant service. Though only in his twenty-second year he was a skilled sailor, and had no difficulty in securing a command. For fifteen years he sailed in the merchant service, which, during that time, developed into vast proportions, and American ships sailed to all quarters of the globe.

The troubles with France, that compelled the young Republic to organize a navy, found Preble ready for naval service, and he was given one of the first five commissions of first lieutenants, issued in 1798. He was assigned to the brig Pickering, 14 guns. Promoted in 1799 to a command, he sailed the Essex of 32 guns—then a fine new ship, and (January, 1800) proceeded to the East Indies to convoy a homeward bound squadron of American merchant ships. This duty was successfully completed, and on his return vessels brought safely from Batavia (Java) to American ports. The Essex was the first American man-of-war to carry the pennant around both Cape of Good Hope under Preble, and Cape Horn under Porter in 1813.

He returned much affected in health, and declined the offer of the Adams, then fitting for a cruise in the Mediterranean. Proceeding to Portland, he there married (1801), and did not report himself fit for service until 1803, when he was assigned to the Constitution—"Old Ironsides"—then fitting out in Boston under orders for the Mediterranean, where the Barbary pirates were still giving great annoyance to American commerce. Dale had returned from thence, in disgust, at his want of authority to punish the corsairs, and carry the war into their own ports; Morris, his successor, had been annoyed and crippled in the same absurd manner by Jefferson's deference to a mere point of law; the country was greatly dissatisfied, and demanded that an American squadron should be sent out under an officer who would bring the Barbary of Tripoli to a satisfactory peace.

To Preble was assigned the service. His force was constituted as follows: Flag-ship, Constitution, 44, Commodore Preble; Philadelphia, 38, Capt. Bainbridge; Argus, 16, Lieut. Stephen Decatur; Siren, 16, Lieut. Stewart; Enterprise, 12, Lieut. Hull; Nautilus, 12, Lieut. Somers; Vixen, 12, Lieut. Smith—all excellent vessels of their class, and officered by men soon to become noted in naval history.

The ships sailed as they were ready—the Constitution leaving Boston Aug. 13th, 1801, bearing the broad pennant, and reaching Gibraltar Sept. 12th. Preble first attended to the Emperor of Morocco, who, it was only too evident, was playing into the hands of the other Barbary powers. The emperor was compelled to reassert the treaty of 1786 and to abstain from any act of hostile co-operation with the other powers. Bainbridge having already been sent to Tripoli, Preble gave a formal notification of his blockade, Nov. 12th, and proceeded with his flag-ship to Malta, where he arrived Nov. 27th, to receive the unwelcome news of the loss of the "light delphin," on a reef in the harbor of Tripoli, Oct. 31st, and the captivity of Bainbridge, his officers and crew.

This loss, and the lateness of the season making that rugged coast a dangerous spot for a fleet, Preble could only reconnoiter the harbor and arrange for a final descent on the place. Tripoli is a land-locked port, guarded by a heavy sea reef whereon batteries are mounted, while inside there are powerful forts, making the place almost impregnable. The commodore's force was all too small for his work, that he plainly saw; but he planned for a determined campaign, resolved to bring the bashaw to terms. He had a double object now—to release Bainbridge and his companions from captivity, as well as to secure the harbor.

The first procedure was to destroy the Philadelphia, which, having been floated from the reef, now lay anchored in the harbor. To Lieutenants Decatur and Stewart were assigned the enterprise, which was carried out in February (1804). These daring young men, running right into the harbor on a captured Mediterranean ketch, boarded the Philadelphia, and, after an awful hand-to-hand conflict with the Turks, succeeded in capturing the vessel and firing her in many places. The ship soon ran aground, and the gallant Decatur, with his comrades not lost in the terrible encounter, made good his escape, returning to the squadron rendezvous at Syracuse, in Sicily, to report his success. Bainbridge, from his quarters in the bashaw's castle, witnessed the destruction (which he himself had advised), and heard of the performance of his countrymen with the deepest satisfaction and pride.

The commodore now hurried forward operations against the place. The king of the Two Sicilies co-operated by supplying the fleet with bomb and gun-vessels, but so difficult was the work in hand and so inadequate the means that it was late in July before the squadron was ready for its work.

And a "tough job" it was, indeed, for in addition to the powerful fortifications of the harbor, the bashaw held between twenty and thirty thousand troops under arms, and had a fleet of nineteen well-fitted gunboats to help hold the reef and patrol the harbor.

Aug. 3d the first attack was made. A desperate battle of the gunboats occurred, in which Decatur and his comrades again had to use the cutlass, for they ran down on the enemy, while the Constitution dealt with the batteries in superb style. It ended by a capture of three of the Turkish gunboats and by driving them in upon the harbor.

To detail the operations which this day inaugurated is much to exceed our limits. The American fleet retired and returned to the work by a combined attack on the 26th, in which all the vessels suffered by supplying several batteries with their fire. The Turkish fleet, especially in her upper works, was run close into the water front, and gave and took shot from the forts for near an hour. Sept. 3d a third attack occurred—a heavy and brilliant affair, in which the "Old Ironsides" literally received the whole force of the Tripolitan fleet, and gave the bashaw an imposing proof of the power and courage of his foe.

Then followed the sad affair of the loss of the gallant Lieutenant Somers, who was sent in a ketch to explode her in the harbor among the gunboats, hoping thus to destroy them and to injure the whole town by the shock. She ran in on the night of Sept. 5th, with one hundred barrels of powder and two hundred shells on board, but, by some accident unknown, exploded before Somers and his twelve companions could leave her and all were blown to pieces. The loss was followed by the arrival of Commodore Barron (Sept. 10th) with several fine ships, well fitted for the heavy work in hand. He being a senior officer superseded Preble, who sailed for Malta Sept. 12th and there turned over "Old Ironsides" to the brilliant Decatur. Then, after settling the numerous accounts of the wide-spread and important station, he returned home—reaching Washington on the day of Jefferson's second inauguration, March 4th, 1805.

Congress at once passed resolutions of solemn thanks for his services, ordering a medal in gold to the commodore and sword to the officers who had most distinguished themselves. Congress and the country at large all acknowledged that the American navy had received a glorious impulse under his direction.

And Jefferson, calling him into frequent consultation, offered him (in 1806) a seat in his cabinet as Secretary of War. Preble declined, but many officers of the navy urged his acceptance, and he had signified his assent to the President's wishes if health permitted. Health did not permit. His old disease, dyspepsia, which had haunted and tortured him for years, developed into consumption, of which he died Aug. 26th, 1807, in the forty-sixth year of his age.

ANDREW JACKSON was once making a stump speech out West, in a small village. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat behind him, whispered, "Tip 'em a little later, General. They won't be content without it." Jackson instantly thought upon a few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder wound up his speech by exclaiming, "E pluribus unum—sine qua non—ne plus ultra—multum in parvo!" The effect was tremendous, and the shouts could be heard for many miles.

ONE SWEET LESSON.

BY STEPHEN MCCORMICK.

"What shall I do with myself to-day?
The days are so long, and I'm tired of play;
I should like so much some good to be,
Said Nell, as she sat on her grandma's knee.
"Even the birds have something to do
In building their nests so round and true.
"See yonder robin on the lilac tree,
Bringing her nest and singing so free;
Bringing the leaves and twigs, one by one,
Weaving them in till the day is done.
While I sit and idle the whole day through,
And do folded hands and nothing to do."
"Oh! I know what I'll do," she cried;
"There's a crippled Lizzie, whose father has died,
Her mother is poor and works all day
To gain bread for two, from day to day.
I have two dolls, Lizzie has none;
I'll go to-day and give her one!"
She is always so pale, wan and sad,
It will brighten her life and make her glad.
And the sea-shell cross pa gave to me,
I'll give that, too, to Lizzie Leg.
And away she ran, with a happy smile,
To brighten the life of the crippled child.

The Girl Rivals;

OR,

THE WAR OF HEARTS.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," "HUNTED BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

DANGER FROM AN UNEXPECTED SOURCE.

It was over four months since her uncle's death that Honoria Appleton sat, one fair May morning, with idle, clasped hands and bent face, dreaming in the great library opposite the drawing-room. The sun, streaming in through a lovely window of stained glass, threw strange, jewel-like colors over her white dress and dusky hair.

Honoria wore mourning for her uncle; but on these warm mornings her dress was of soft, fleecy white, with only a black ribbon at the throat. She sat there listless and purposeless. With all her luxurious surroundings the girl was lonely. No father or mother—her dear uncle dead—her cousin away, she knew not where—there were times when the world seemed desolate to the much-grieved girl.

She would have given much gold for one true friend. An elderly, madden aunt had come into the princely house, to fulfill the promises and see that the housekeeper did her duty by the servants. But she was not much of a companion to the spirited young beauty. Hosts of admirers would have been only too glad to console her drooping spirits; but Honoria, though fond of conquest and not entirely above the pleasures of coquetry, was not quick to yield her heart or her friendship to people.

She sat there idly pondering what she should do when the summer came—go to the country, the seaside, or shut herself up in this great house, like Marianne in the Moated Grange. There was not so very much enjoyment in going about with only her prim aunt for company, to know what had become of Otis. Not a word had she heard from him since the week after his uncle's death.

The money burned in her hands—the luxuries she enjoyed seemed to her half-stolen. Ah, why did her uncle make such a cruel will! If she could only find some way to evade its pitiless provisions and share her wealth with poor Otis! While she sunk deeper and deeper into reverie, the bell rang, and presently Shackles, the old servant of her uncle, and now factotum in the household, knocked at the door, and being bidden to enter, stated that a young person had answered the advertisement. Why, yes, Miss Appleton had forgotten that she had advertised for a maid.

"Show her in here, Shackles. But only one at a time, please. If more come while I am engaged with her keep them waiting in the servants' hall."

Presently she entered, Shackles closing the door behind her, a young girl, plainly and neatly dressed, who lifted such a pair of violet eyes to the lady's face as surprised her.

For a moment the two women looked at each other with mutual curiosity veiled behind an apparent indifference.

"You do not look fit for any, even the lightest service. Do you really apply for the position of dressing-maid? Have you ever been out a servant?"

"No, madam, never. And for that reason I am afraid you will not try me. But my mother is dead; and, not strong enough or wise enough for a teacher, I saw your advertisement, and it seemed to me just the kind of work I might do, after I had once learned it. I don't deny that I shall be awkward and almost useless at first. But I would ask no wages for the first month; and I would try, oh, so willingly, to please you."

Here was something different from the bold Irish or the pert French maid. Honoria's lonely heart went out toward this little creature, so pretty, so delicate, and ladylike, so modest and evidently so very much in earnest—went out toward her almost as it would have done to a forsaken baby. She reflected that it would be careless, almost wicked, to leave unaided this timid girl, whose loveliness might expose her to all sorts of danger.

"I would as soon think of setting a humming-bird to work," she thought; "but I shall take her all the same. She can, perhaps, do my hair, or mend a bit of lace now and then, just to deceive her with the idea that she is of some use. What a perfectly lovely little thing she is!"—then aloud—"What is your name?"

"Milla."

"Milla what?"

"Lovely, please, madam."

"Not an Irish name, anyway. Well, Milla, I am willing to give you a trial."

"Oh, thank you!" very gladly and gratefully.

"When can you come?"

"This afternoon. May I send my trunks, Miss Appleton?—and—will I have a room to myself?"

"Exactingly already," thought the mistress, severely, but she relented when the stranger said, earnestly:

"It is only because I am not one of them, you see, Miss Appleton."

"No, and that may make trouble. I see that I cannot take you as my maid—it would never do."

"Oh!" sighed the young girl, drooping.

"But I will do better by you, Milla. You shall be my companion—then you can take your meals in the housekeeper's room, and need not come in contact with the servants."

"I must do something to be useful, though; you must let me earn my bread. And I will not take any wages."

"I will see to that. Come as soon as you please."

So to the companion came a few hours later, and she and her two trunks were duly installed

in a small room communicating with Miss Appleton's dressing-room.

She was timid, shrinking, far from presumptuous, yet in less than a week the mistress and maid were two girls together. The little companion was so refined and intelligent and so wonderfully pretty, that Honoria lost half her sense of loneliness. She made the little thing her friend and confidante. She said to herself that Milla's coming was one of the most fortunate things that had ever befallen her own proud self. She had some one to talk to now beside the grim aunt—some one young and romantic like herself. The companion's chief duty was to listen to the girlish chatter of her beautiful mistress. She sat beside Miss Appleton when that lady went out for a drive. Honoria insisted in having her elegant cast-off dresses made over by her seamstress for the little companion. Sometimes, of a dreamy, drowsy June afternoon, Milla would read aloud, in her sweet, pathetic voice, poems of love and melody which her lady would select from the great library. Two pairs of beautiful eyes would brighten and grow moist together over the sweet singing of the bards, singing of passion and romance.

Why had Mildred ventured into the home of the Garners? It was a strange freak for one so timid as she.

It was not jealousy which urged her; nor was it the hope of meeting Otis there. Not the girl, so young, so ignorant of life, so shrinking, never forgot that she was Otis Garners' wife. It was the passionate purpose of her life to make herself worthy of him. She knew that she was lacking in many things which could only be acquired by association with those in a sphere far above hers. She knew that Honoria Appleton was not famous for beauty alone, but for wit and elegance.

Mildred's mother had died in March. The desolate girl's heart had warmed with gratitude toward Mr. Pomeroy, who had rendered every service in his power at that sad time. Believing him to be a true friend she had allowed her gratitude to show itself in a kinder manner toward him; and he—emboldened by his claims on her and by her solitude and unprotected condition, which should have rendered her sacred to him—had made such advances as showed her the real meaning of his attentions and her own danger.

The shock was dreadful. It seemed to her that she must die, now that her husband's friend had dared to offer her his perverted love. Oh, where could she fly? What was she born for? She drove the traitor from her with words which shamed him while they aroused his anger, and a fierce determination that she should yet be humbled, who had so wounded his vanity and disappointed his passion.

Mildred soon became aware that she could not walk abroad without her path being shadowed by that man. She grew more and more afraid of him. She saw that he was bad enough to plot some foul scheme against her. Her dread of him even haunted her dreams at night.

This feeling of insecurity, and the desire—strong as life—to improve herself upon some model she knew Otis admired—had led her to answer Miss Appleton's advertisement.

Little did the haughty Honoria dream that her meek attendant made a study of her every movement, the tones of her voice, the style of her reception of friends and visitors, and all the thousand little polished arts that go to make up a fashionable woman; and that she carefully reformed every habit of her own which did not accord with the usages of the best society.

It was an afternoon in June. There had been a delicious shower about one o'clock, leaving the air cool and sweet with the ruffled perfume of millions of roses.

"How lovely it must be in the country," remarked the little companion to the fair lady.

"Yes; it is time we were going to the country, Milla. We will drive out to Cambridge, anyhow, and get a glimpse of green fields and waving trees."

The carriage, an elegant open barouche, from which they could have an unobstructed view, was ordered around, and mistress and maid went out to enjoy the soft air and the approaching sunset in the suburbs. Not until they were over the bridge and under the classic elms of Cambridge did Mildred venture to lift the thick veil she always wore when out, and to inhale the breath of roses "new-washed with dew." They had a long, delightful drive, watching the sun sink into a golden fleece of clouds, and look out from under, like a laughing child playing Bo-peep; and were now driving back at a pretty rapid rate, so as to reach the city before dark, when a gentleman, walking along the pavement near the University buildings, held up his finger to the coachman, who drew up his horses, and the gentleman came to the side of the carriage.

"Oh, is it you, Mr. Pomeroy?"

"None other, Miss Appleton. Ten thousand pardons for taking the liberty of stopping your barouche! I only want to ask after your health, and to say that I certainly should have called upon you this week, but I had an impression that you were gone to Newport," saying all this with that easy, elegant air of his, and darting an inquiring glance at the veiled person sitting beside Miss Appleton.

"I have avoided sea-air in Boston, Mr. Pomeroy. When I go away it will not be to Newport, but to the mountains. I think the middle of July will be soon enough."

"Would you believe it of me, Miss Appleton? I have actually walked out here, the afternoon was so delightful. Having made a call on my friend, the poet-professor, I am now on my return. Is it not a delicious evening?"

"Yes, I have been feasting on lilies and roses. But, surely, Mr. Pomeroy, you have carried your experiment of walking far enough! If you will accept, you shall have a seat in my carriage back to the Tremont."

"Ah, Miss Appleton, what a talent you have for reading a man's inmost thoughts! When I held up my finger to John, here, I said to myself, 'What a happy ending to a pleasant little excursion to be invited by Miss Appleton to enjoy the heaven of her society for a half-hour or so!' I never did despise a silver-lined carriage. You remember what Holmes says:

"Little I ask, my wants are few."

"Oh, yes, responded Honoria, laughing, 'I remember—the poet only wanted a hut—of brown stone—a few railroad shares—cold victuals, like vanilla-ice—'

"One good-sized diamond in a pin, Some, not so large, in rings."

By this time the horses were again en route, and Brummell Pomeroy—who, of all men on earth, had the finest art of sponging the good things of this life—lolling luxuriously back against the satin cushion, and chatted gayly with his beautiful companion; darting, at the same time, keen glances at the little person, who had quickly thrown her thick veil over her face when she first saw him approach the carriage, and had quietly slipped over on to

the front seat, before he entered, giving him the place beside Miss Appleton.

Of course Brummell knew, from her not being introduced and from her taking the seat she did, that this was some humble companion of the lady's, whom, in her kindness, she had taken out to ride; but there was something strangely familiar about the little figure and its graceful movements, which aroused his suspicions.

He made himself so extremely agreeable to Honoria that, before they reached the Tremont House, she had invited him to take tea with her—an invitation which he eagerly accepted—eagerly, for two reasons. The first reason was that he had some time ago made up his mind to bend all his powers to securing the heiress, and had chanced out in Cambridge for no other reason, but because he happened to see her carriage on the bridge; the other was that his curiosity about the little veiled figure in front of him was growing deeper every moment.

By what little slips it is that great secrets often come out! Mildred, sitting there, mute and trembling, with her blue veil pinned tightly over her plain hat, had, carelessly, in the heat of the afternoon, drawn off her gloves; and, lifting her hand to settle her veil still more securely, thoughtlessly betrayed the ring which glittered on her fourth finger. Brummell knew the ring at a glance. Little Mildred's wedding-ring!

Ha! This was a strange turn of affairs! The little creature had fled from him—hidden herself from his heartless pursuit—but, of all things, why in the house of her husband's cousin—the house of the Garners? It was a question which, with all his sagacity, Brummell Pomeroy could not answer.

Hence his eagerness to be asked to tea.

It was very kind of Miss Appleton to give him an opportunity of solving the mystery, and he meant to solve it before he left the house. What if this poor girl, to whom he had betrayed his true character, should be the means of losing him the rich heiress?

He set his teeth at the thought of it. "I would murder her, sooner than that!" he thought.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CASTLE BESIEGED.

"What a pretty little girl that was with you in the carriage," remarked Mr. Pomeroy to Miss Appleton, over whose brilliant face fell the soft luster of a cluster of wax candles, which candles also illuminated the very charming and costly Japanese tea-set and the tempting tea on the little table set for only two—for, fortunately—or so Brummell thought—the maiden aunt had retired with a headache, there were no other visitors, and he was *tele-tele* with the object of his affections!

"Did you see her face?" asked Honoria, as she pinned back in its place the white rose which had dropped from her bosom. "She is such a timid little thing, I wonder that you got a glimpse of her through that blue veil. Yes, she is pretty, and modest and intelligent, too. I like her."

"I know it is a piece of impertinence on my part, but, may I be impertinent, and ask what position she fills as a member of your household, Miss Appleton?"

"Ah, I see! You are slightly because you were not introduced!"

"I confess to a deep interest in pretty girls." "Well, my little Milla is enough of a lady to be worthy of introduction to my friends. But it would not do. She is only a 'companion,' and the conservative would take offense."

"Perhaps you have some special reason for favoring her—perhaps she has a right to be recognized by society," said Pomeroy, keeping his sharp eyes fixed on the beautiful face opposite.

Honoria laughed girlishly, and her clear eyes met his unreservedly as she answered:

"What an idea! The only claim she has on me, is that I like her. I am lonely in this great house, and she is young, like myself, and good company for me. Little Milla applied for the honor of being my dressing-maid, when she had never performed any such service. I thought I might as well break a butterfly to the wheel! But I took a fancy to her and so I made her a sort of companion. Sometimes she reads to me; once she mended a piece of lace—the hardest part of her onerous duties is to talk to me and amuse me."

"Fortunate Milla! I would peril my life for the mere chance of obtaining her place, Miss Appleton! You are wasting your sweetness on desert air. Do, do, say that sometimes your unworthy servant may aspire to take Milla's place—may come and amuse you."

He said this with such an affection of deep earnestness that Honoria laughed again:

"You do amuse me," she said.

"And I may come and talk to you sometimes?"

"Why you do, do you not?"

"Yes, but oftener. I would like to make it the serious business of my life to amuse you, half-jestingly, and yet throwing so much tenderness into his voice that she blushed and busied herself with the little gold tongs in the sugar-bowl, as she answered him:

"I hope I shall not care so much for mere amusement when I'm older. I mean to be useful in some way; ('Ay, to pay my bills!' thought Brummell) but I'm such a child, now, and it really is lonesome in this great house since—since—I lost—my dear uncle—" the tears springing as readily as the blush—"and your cousin, too, perhaps," thought the man of the world who watched her.

Brummell was too wise to push his suit too rapidly; he knew that young heiresses are sometimes as shy as quail in June, and he had no wish to alarm this one; so he went on with the first subject.

"Then you know nothing of the antecedents of this very interesting and much-to-be-envied companion of yours? You must be cautious, Miss Appleton, in whom you put confidence."

"I am—very cautious," archly. "But no one need fear little Milla. She is innocent itself."

"Has she never told you her history?"

"Oh, yes, the most of it, I think. Her father was a clerk, and never got to anything beyond that. He was pretty well educated, and so was her mother. They lived very nicely, but economically, until he died; of course, the salary came to a sudden stop. All the ready money went in funeral expenses; the shock of his death made her mother ill; Milla, who was going to school and studying music, had to give up her lessons at twelve years of age. Since then she has learned nothing but what she has taught herself. She plays and sings very sweetly; but not at all scientifically. In March last her mother died; she could not very well support herself and keep her rooms; so the poor little thing thought the best thing she could do was to give up her

tea-cups, Miss Appleton; can you give me their history?" And—having changed the subject after convincing himself that his companion had no idea, thus far, of who this girl was—he proceeded to do his best to please, and entertain, and fascinate the smiling young beauty, the superb mistress of all this wealth whose evidences lay all about him in the costly appointments of the lofty room and the exquisite table.

But his thoughts were often *distracted*. He could not forget that the girl whom he had done his worst to injure, and who had fled from his persecutions, was an inmate of this house, and might very justly resolve to betray him, when she found he was a friend of Miss Appleton. Perhaps this very night she would tell her story to her kind mistress. He saw no way to prevent it. He beat his brains in a vain attempt to invent some way of communicating with Mildred, but could think of none that would be safe. He knew very well that she would keep out of his sight. He dare not attempt to bribe a servant to take her a note—he was too experienced in guile to compromise himself in any such way as that. So that what should have been a most delightful evening was spoiled utterly for him. He took an early leave, immediately after which Honoria flew up stairs to her own room where Mildred sat doing a piece of embroidery, to confide to her companion that she had often heard her cousin Otis praise Mr. Pomeroy, and that he was a most delightful fellow, "and, oh, would you believe it, Milla, he actually almost made love to me!"

Milla looked gravely into the beautiful, flushed face.

"I hope he never will come any nearer to it," she said.

"Why? What is the matter with you?" asked her young mistress, all the laughter of the Garner blood flashing into her face.

"I am sorry. It is not my place to receive impressions or to seek to benefit you by them, if I do. I spoke too hastily."

"No, you did not," cried Honoria, her sudden temper subsiding. "If you had an impression of this flattering gallant, let me hear it, please, little one. I am not so pleased with him as you think, though it is fun to listen to the nice things he has to say—but I know cousin Otis admired him."

"I should say—if you will make me, Miss Appleton—that the gentleman who rode with us this afternoon is not a person of any principle. I should suspect, if he made love to you, that he was a fortune-hunter. And I should be afraid, if you married him, that he would make you unhappy."

"Oh, mercy, child! How serious you are! You really make my blood run cold! But never mind, do not fret about me. I am in no danger of this terrible fate. My heart is already given away, Milla, would you believe it? Given away, and broken, too! Think of that! Sometime if you and I get to be fast friends, I will tell you all about it—for it's hard to have no one to talk to when one's heart aches so, Milla. I could never tell any one but you. You are so sweet and so beguiling, it will come out, to you, some day."

She spoke quickly and gayly, yet the tears sprang to her eyes. Mildred saw them and her own heart began to beat wildly. Oh, what was this that this beautiful girl was going to tell her! That she, too, loved Otis Garner—and that he loved her! Could she bear to have this said to her—his wife—who worshipped "the least sound of his foot on the stairway"—the least word he had ever spoken to her, the least gift he had ever given her! Could she bear to live and feel that she was the obstacle between these two cousins who were so worthy of each other? Oh, how mean, and poor, and humble she felt beside this dark, proud girl, who showered gold about her as the rose showers dew!

"But I cannot give him up to her; I am his wife; I cannot give him up while I live," murmured poor Mildred, silently. "There is but one thing I can do, that is, to die. Yes, I may be a suicide, yet, I, whom my mother tried to make a Christian girl," rising, she said "good-night" to her mistress, and retreated to her own little room.

Meantime, Brummell Pomeroy, restless and guilty, hung about the mansion he had so lately quitted. He felt as if he could not go without an interview with Mildred, or contriving to send her a message. Taking his pencil and note-book he paused by a street-lamp and wrote a note, which he tore out of his book, and then resumed his promenade up and down the street.

The Garner mansion stood apart from its aristocratic fellows, in a haughty seclusion of its own, in the center of quite a plot of ground, so that there were windows on every side looking down on the north on a sheet of emerald velvet grass, and on the south on long, narrow beds of flowers. Brummell observed lights in two of the rooms on the second floor, on the south side of the house. While he passed and repassed, some one came to the window of the rear room; a shadow fell for a moment—he recognized it!

"That is Mildred's bed-room," he said to himself.

Again and again he walked up and down; after a while the lights were out all over the house, except the one which always burned in the hall. He heard Shackles locking up, and going about to see that all the lower windows were fastened. The window to Mildred's room above remained open, for it was a warm night. The thoughtless girl had left the shutters open, also. Brummell watched until the policeman was at the furthest end of his beat, slipped into the yard, and along by the beds of flowers which were perfuming the night air, and threw into the window the note he had written, and which he had wrapped about some pebbles which he took from the flower-beds. He made sure that it had fallen inside, then slipped out, and away, to his hotel, before the watchman had completed his round.

Mildred was sitting in the dark by the window, still far too agitated to think of sleeping. The note fell directly into her lap. She gave a little smothered cry. Recovering herself she picked up the intruding object. There was light enough for her to see that it was a half sheet of note paper wrapped about something—and her first thought as ever was Otis.

Perhaps Otis had seen her in this house and took this way of communicating with her. She never thought of the man who had sat opposite her in the carriage that afternoon. Drawing down the curtain she re-lighted the gas, and with trembling fingers and hurried pulses, smoothed out the crushed paper. This is what it contained:

"Your husband lives in Cambridge. He is preparing several boys for college, and lives very retired. It was to see him that I went out this afternoon. He inquired after you. Of course I could tell him nothing, as I then knew nothing. If you wish to see him, enough to risk a trip with me to C. to-morrow, be the corner of the block in the afternoon at five o'clock, where I will meet you with a carriage, and take you to see him. You need not be afraid of me, as I have now no more serious suit to which I am devoting all my attention."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 367.)

THE REASON WHY.

BY MABO O. ROLFE.

If all of this life was childhood,
And less of this life was sin,
It's likely with such innocence
So much good would enter in
That it wouldn't be any object
To take any special pains
To try to get into heaven;
For where would be the gains?
And it's for the wisest purpose
That God has arranged his plan
So a babe will grow to a boy,
And a boy'll grow to a man,
And the man'll grow to a thinking
Of the goodness of his youth,
And will always have a longing
To return to childish truth.

Silver Sam;

The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LETTER.

FROM the hole in the tree-trunk Hallowell drew a letter, and he looked with considerable astonishment upon the prize he had secured.

It was a plain yellow envelope, directed in a round, easily-deciphered hand, to

"JABEZ Z. SMITH,

Deadwood City."

A one-cent stamp was affixed to the envelope in one corner, thus plainly showing that it had been posted in Deadwood.

The stamp had not been canceled. Hallowell turned the letter over and over; it was securely sealed, and of course the inquisitive man-from-Maine's curiosity was completely baffled.

Montana remained quietly by, apparently taking but little interest in the matter. "Well, now, what do you think of this?" Hallowell exclaimed.

"You're too much for me, partner, I give it up."

"Jabez Smith—Jabez Z. Smith! I don't know any Jabez Smith in Deadwood, though Smiths are so plenty in the town of a night that if a feller were to sling a cane in any direction from the door of the Big Horn saloon, 'bout eight o'clock, he'd be apt to hit three Smiths, at least."

"Yes, but there may be a Jabez Smith in town, even if you have never heard of him," Montana suggested.

"Oh, this is a trick of some kind!" Hallowell exclaimed. "Who ever heard of a man with a Z in the middle of his name?"

"Zebulon—Zachariah!"

"Oh, it's some sort of a gum-game now, and I'm just going to open the letter!"

"You had better be careful; they'll have you up for tampering with the mail."

"Git out! I guess a hole in a tree ain't a United States post-office, is it?" the big miner retorted.

"No, not exactly, but if I were you, I'd put the letter back and let it alone."

"You would?" asked Hallowell, doubtfully.

"Yes; it isn't for you, anyway, and Mr. J. Z. Smith might be indignant if he found out that you had been opening his letters."

"Well, who in thunder is J. Z. Smith, anyway? and what right has he got to take one of our oak-trees for his post-office box?"

"You're too much for me again."

"I tell you, Montana, there's something wrong about this here business!" Hallowell protested, earnestly. "In the first place, why did that post-office greeny come sneaking round here, like a cat in a strange garret? If this is all fair and above board why don't this here Smith go to the post-office for his letters, instead of having 'em stuck in a tree?"

"Perhaps Mr. Smith is a lady carrying on a love affair with Tim, and wants to keep the matter quiet," Montana suggested. "It would be just like a girl, you know; romantic to have a post-office in a tree-trunk."

"Oh, humbug! What gal in creation would look at such an ugly leetle cuss as that Tim! I ain't that, Montana; I tell you there's something crooked about this here hull business. Darned if I don't open the letter!"

"I wouldn't!" Montana exclaimed, warningly.

"Too late! I've busted the consarn!" the big miner replied, holding up the fractured envelope. "I tell yer! there's no squar' thing about this now, anyway you kin fix it! That's some gum-game 'bout it, and I'm going to git to the bottom of the hull matter. This here letter ought to be in the post-office by rights; you see the stamp ain't defaced; that leetle cuss has stole it out and there's something wrong 'bout it!"

"Well, it's your funeral, old man; go ahead if you want to," Montana replied, in his careless way.

The envelope contained only a single sheet of note-paper, which Hallowell, unfolding, perused.

It was written in the same hand as the direction upon the envelope, a peculiar handwriting, once seen not easily to be forgotten. The letter began abruptly without the usual prefixes, and read as follows:

"No danger, I think; the road-agent business is a pretty safe thing to get into, I think. I heard the Irishman's story; also the account of Lieutenant Perkins, who was in command of the troops that pursued the fellow until he got away in the darkness. What the fellow was after is a puzzle, but I don't believe he was after us. In regard to the two letters being taken, it's ten to one that Paddy lost them himself; and of course he would swear that he didn't until he was black in the face. We are all right, only we must be careful in our operations, and the moment the thing begins to get out, why, we must drop it like a red-hot potato. As for the road-agent, he'll come to grief pretty soon, sure, if he keeps on. Keep your eyes open, though, and notify me at once if anything happens."

And there the letter abruptly ended. Hallowell read it over to himself first, and then aloud to Montana.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Hallowell, in utter amazement.

"What's the matter?"

"Didn't I tell you that there was something crooked 'bout this letter?"

"Yes; but what does it all mean?"

"Well, now you have got me sure!" and the big miner gave a dubious shake of the head.

"Darn me! if I can make head nor tail of it, 'cept that this feller he's a-writing to are afraid that this here road-agent—he's the feller that tackled the stage in Bloody Gulch the other night, you remember?"

Montana nodded.

"Well, they are afraid that the road-agent was arter them someway or somehow, 'tain't exactly clear to me."

"Nor to me, either; but now, Lige, you'll have to answer to Mr. J. Z. Smith for opening his letter. I told you that you had better let it alone. Jabez may go for you."

"Oh, he can go to thunder!" growled Hallowell, defiantly. "I guess I ain't hurt his old letter much; but, I swow! I kinder got the

idee into my head someway that it was some gum-game ag'in' us."

"What are you going to do with the letter?"

"Put it back ag'in in the tree."

"You can write on it," Opened by mistake, E. Hallowell, Little Montana mine," Montana suggested.

"Oh, yes, and have Mister Jabez Smith lie in wait for me with a revolver some dark night, for fear that I would find out something about him. No, sir; it ain't my soup! But, I wonder who in thunder Jabez Smith is, and why he selected an oak on our claim for his post-office!"

Montana shook his head; it was evident that he was unable to solve the riddle.

Hallowell put the letter back in the envelope, smoothed it out as well as he could and replaced it in the tree.

"There," he said, the operation finished, "there, Mister J. Z. W. X. Y. Z. Smith—there's your letter, and if you want to know who opened it I've got to say is that these darned United States mails are allers doing something they hadn't oughter!"

Montana smiled and the two partners walked slowly away from the tree toward their shanty, which, when they reached, they entered.

"By the way!" exclaimed the big miner, suddenly, after he and his companion had got comfortably seated; "I want you to do something for me, Montana."

"Yes, what is it?"

"I want you to gin me your signature and a line of poetry to it, so that, one of these days, arter I've made my 'tarnal fortune, and gone East to make my old neighbors swell and bust with wonder and envy, I kin look at it and remember the old days way out in the Western wilderness where the b'ar growls and the eagle screams!"

"All right; any particular line of poetry which you prefer?" Montana asked.

Hallowell produced his memorandum-book and Montana took his pen in hand.

"Well, let me see, 'Root hog or die,' no, that's a leetle too strong. 'Meet me on the four square,' no, that's good for California, but too highly flavored, anyway. 'United we stand, divided we fall'—how's that?"

"Oh, anything you please, but if you want it as a sort of remembrance suppose I write, 'Should old acquaintance be forgot?'"

"Splendid! that's the ticket for soup!" cried the big miner, enthusiastically. "That will do first-rate. 'Should old acquaintance be forgot? That's bully!'"

"All right."

And then, in peculiar, odd, back-hand writing, Montana transcribed the sentence upon the blank page of the memorandum-book and underneath it signed his name.

"William Jones, and that is your real name, eh?" said Hallowell.

"Of course," replied Montana, with a smile.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A NOVEL DEVICE.

ONCE again the shade of night had descended upon Deadwood's lively town.

Once again the clink of glasses and the loud hum of conversation resounded on the still air of the night from every drinking-saloon within the boundaries of the Black Hills metropolis.

The toils of the day over, from every gulch within easy walking distance, the hard-handed miners had flocked into the "city"; some to purchase provisions, others intent only upon a spree and a good time generally, and the majority to hear the news and speculate upon the good or evil fortune that had attended their acquaintances.

Mining is but a game with fortune, and in nine cases out of ten the fickle jade is the winner.

About eight o'clock in the evening the two proprietors of the Little Montana mine arrived in town.

Supplies had run short and the two had come up to town to replenish.

The twain halted in front of Deacon Black's store.

"I reckon I'll go on up to the Big Horn saloon," Hallowell said, "and hear what's going on. When you git through here, come on up."

"All right."

So Montana entered the store, while Hallowell continued on up the street.

Leaving Mr. William Jones, as he persisted in calling himself, to make his purchases, we will follow in the footsteps of Hallowell.

"Big Lige," as he was generally called, was about as well known as any inhabitant of the district, and as he was frequently accosted on the way he was at least ten minutes in going from Black's store to the Big Horn saloon; he finally arrived there, accompanied by four or five acquaintances who had joined him on the way.

As they approached the saloon, from it came the sound of a loud, hoarse voice, interrupted now and then by bursts of laughter.

"Hallo! what's up?" Hallowell exclaimed, rather astonished by the unusual noise.

"Some pilgrim on a lark, I reckon," one of the party remarked.

But, with the entrance of Hallowell and his friends into the saloon, a dead silence fell upon the throng within. So sudden was the change that the entering party knew at once that their presence had occasioned it.

Standing with his back to the bar, but leaning against it and resting his big elbows on the counter, was the brawny bullwhacker who had so proudly proclaimed that he was own cousin to the engineer of the Per-rie Belle, Jim Bludsoe, famed in verse as the doughty hero, who "wa'n't no saint," but when he "biter bust as she clared the bar and burst a hole in the night," resolutely declared "he'd hold her nozzel ag'in the bank till the last galoot's ashore!"

A grinning crowd surrounded the "old he-ram of the Big Horn range," as the bullwhacker was fond of terming himself, and from their faces it was plain that the big stranger had been affording them considerable amusement.

Hallowell recognized Bludsoe at once as the party who had insisted upon dragging Montana into a quarrel, and who had been so cleverly worsted by that skillful gentleman, and he understood, from the sudden silence that had fallen upon the group, that the loud conversation, which his entrance had evidently interrupted, had reference either to Montana or himself.

"Wa-al, may I be kicked to death by my own lead mule!" Mr. Bludsoe exclaimed, "ef thar ain't one of the Little Montana chaps now! How air ye, stranger? Will you h'ist some pizen! Name your hog-juice."

"I'm very much obliged to you, but I'm just going to drink with some of my friends here," Big Lige replied, coldly. He did not admire the manner of the other.

"Oh, ax the hull party up; I reckon I kin stand it. I'm rich, I am! I reckon that I own more paying mines than any other two-legged

critter west of the Missouri! I jest drive mules for fun, I do! I ain't obligated to get my hash that way! An' my face is good, too. Nary a whisky-juggler from hyer to Cheyenne but knows the Pet of the Niobrara; that's me, boys."

Say, Dick! and the mule-driver addressed the barkeeper, behind the counter, who was enjoying the fun. "My face is good hyer for fifty dollars, ain't it?"

"Yes, if you put the money up first," the urbane Richard replied, with a wink at the crowd.

"I tole yer so; set 'em up, Dicky, my boy; water fur the crowd! and rub my tumbler ag'in the whisky-bottle!"

The crowd snickered at this bold invitation and the bullwhacker again addressed his remarks to Hallowell.

"Say, you Little Montana cha; whar's that part of your'n! I want to see *him*. I reckon that I was a leetle pisoned when he socked me into the solid airth t'other night."

"I'll bet you five dollars he can do it again!" exclaimed Hallowell, promptly.

"Pilgrim! I would scorn to rob you of your money!" cried Mr. Bludsoe, with great dignity.

The crowd roared incredulously at this assertion.

"No, sir-ee! I never pick a man up on a sure thing; 'tain't in me to salivate a pilgrim in that way!"

"What have you got against my partner that you are so mighty anxious to quarrel with him?" Hallowell demanded, rather sharply.

"Nothing in the world, stranger, 'cept that when I see a chap a-kinder holdin' up his nose like as if he thought that he was better than any one else, I like to take him down a peg or two; kinder cut his comb, like!"

"I reckon that the man don't stand in your boots that will cut Montana's comb!" Big Lige exclaimed, warmly.

"Now, you're bettin' on what he did t'other night! Why, I was jes' a-playin' with him then! I'm choek full of fun, I am! More fun in me than any hob-tailed clam you ever seed, but I don't low any two-legged critter on top of this hyer airth to trip up my heels and plow my head an' shoulders into the solid airth fur nothin', an' Mister Montana has jes' got to step up to the captain's office and settle the first time I set my two eyes on him!" cried Bludsoe, defiantly.

"Montana's down to the post-office now," said one of Hallowell's friends, itching with a desire for fun.

"He's the mutton I love!" shouted the bullwhacker. "Come along, boys, ef you want to see fun. I'm on the war-path, I am! ba-a-a!"

And out from the saloon the giant hurried, the rest following after, to the great disgust of the barkeeper, loath to lose customers.

Down the street to the post-office the gang proceeded, and marched into the store, to the great astonishment of the deacon, who was not used to such interruptions.

Montana was at the further end of the place, leaning against the counter, examining a bowl of eggs of whose worth for culinary purposes he had some doubts.

Naturally he looked up as the little crowd came tramping into the store like a drove of wild horses, and at the first glance both recognized the bullwhacker, and suspected his errand.

"Cock-a-doodle-do!" cried Mr. Bludsoe, patting within easy walking distance, the hard-handed miners had flocked into the "city"; some to purchase provisions, others intent only upon a spree and a good time generally, and the majority to hear the news and speculate upon the good or evil fortune that had attended their acquaintances.

Mining is but a game with fortune, and in nine cases out of ten the fickle jade is the winner.

About eight o'clock in the evening the two proprietors of the Little Montana mine arrived in town.

Supplies had run short and the two had come up to town to replenish.

The twain halted in front of Deacon Black's store.

"I reckon I'll go on up to the Big Horn saloon," Hallowell said, "and hear what's going on. When you git through here, come on up."

"All right."

So Montana entered the store, while Hallowell continued on up the street.

Leaving Mr. William Jones, as he persisted in calling himself, to make his purchases, we will follow in the footsteps of Hallowell.

"Big Lige," as he was generally called, was about as well known as any inhabitant of the district, and as he was frequently accosted on the way he was at least ten minutes in going from Black's store to the Big Horn saloon; he finally arrived there, accompanied by four or five acquaintances who had joined him on the way.

As they approached the saloon, from it came the sound of a loud, hoarse voice, interrupted now and then by bursts of laughter.

"Hallo! what's up?" Hallowell exclaimed, rather astonished by the unusual noise.

"Some pilgrim on a lark, I reckon," one of the party remarked.

But, with the entrance of Hallowell and his friends into the saloon, a dead silence fell upon the throng within. So sudden was the change that the entering party knew at once that their presence had occasioned it.

Standing with his back to the bar, but leaning against it and resting his big elbows on the counter, was the brawny bullwhacker who had so proudly proclaimed that he was own cousin to the engineer of the Per-rie Belle, Jim Bludsoe, famed in verse as the doughty hero, who "wa'n't no saint," but when he "biter bust as she clared the bar and burst a hole in the night," resolutely declared "he'd hold her nozzel ag'in the bank till the last galoot's ashore!"

A grinning crowd surrounded the "old he-ram of the Big Horn range," as the bullwhacker was fond of terming himself, and from their faces it was plain that the big stranger had been affording them considerable amusement.

Hallowell recognized Bludsoe at once as the party who had insisted upon dragging Montana into a quarrel, and who had been so cleverly worsted by that skillful gentleman, and he understood, from the sudden silence that had fallen upon the group, that the loud conversation, which his entrance had evidently interrupted, had reference either to Montana or himself.

"Wa-al, may I be kicked to death by my own lead mule!" Mr. Bludsoe exclaimed, "ef thar ain't one of the Little Montana chaps now! How air ye, stranger? Will you h'ist some pizen! Name your hog-juice."

"I'm very much obliged to you, but I'm just going to drink with some of my friends here," Big Lige replied, coldly. He did not admire the manner of the other.

"Oh, ax the hull party up; I reckon I kin stand it. I'm rich, I am! I reckon that I own more paying mines than any other two-legged

critter west of the Missouri! I jest drive mules for fun, I do! I ain't obligated to get my hash that way! An' my face is good, too. Nary a whisky-juggler from hyer to Cheyenne but knows the Pet of the Niobrara; that's me, boys."

Say, Dick! and the mule-driver addressed the barkeeper, behind the counter, who was enjoying the fun. "My face is good hyer for fifty dollars, ain't it?"

"Yes, if you put the money up first," the urbane Richard replied, with a wink at the crowd.

"I tole yer so; set 'em up, Dicky, my boy; water fur the crowd! and rub my tumbler ag'in the whisky-bottle!"

The crowd snickered at this bold invitation and the bullwhacker again addressed his remarks to Hallowell.

"Say, you Little Montana cha; whar's that part of your'n! I want to see *him*. I reckon that I was a leetle pisoned when he socked me into the solid airth t'other night."

"I'll bet you five dollars he can do it again!" exclaimed Hallowell, promptly.

"Pilgrim! I would scorn to rob you of your money!" cried Mr. Bludsoe, with great dignity.

The crowd roared incredulously at this assertion.

"No

